

# FORUM

## **Premier Hepburn and the Professors**

HUMPHREY CARVER

## **Canada in the New World Order**

A. R. M. LOWER

**Unemployment Insurance In U.S.A. . . L. C. Marsh**

**Canada's Arable Acres . . . Selwyn Dewdney**

**I Am A Transient . . . Henry Paul**

**Editorials • Story • Reviews**

# THE CANADIAN FORUM

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## Our Contributors

A. R. M. LOWER is Professor of History at the United College, Winnipeg. He is spending this academic year at Dalhousie University as Professor of Political Science. Our readers will remember his article "Can Canada Defend Herself" in our issue of January 1938.

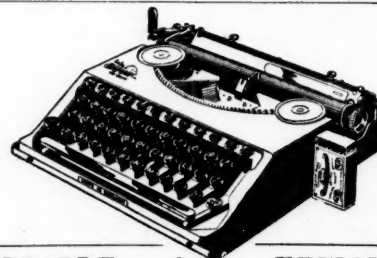
HENRY PAUL is a single unemployed at present in Toronto. We print his story as a moving document of how the world appears to one in his position.

SELWYN DEWDNEY is an Art teacher in London, Ontario, who has travelled extensively over the areas which he discusses.

ALICE BUTALA is the wife of a Western farmer. This is her first story.

NOTE: While unable, at present, to pay contributors, The Canadian Forum welcomes contributions of all kinds: fiction, political, social, literary and artistic criticism. Manuscripts should be accompanied by a self addressed and fully stamped envelope.

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# THE CANADIAN FORUM

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## U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. in Europe

**W**HILE all eyes were fixed on Danzig and the Polish corridor, and the Anglo-Polish understanding was being rushed through in fear of a sudden Nazi invasion, it suddenly appeared that Hitler had passed the ball to his partner at the other end of the axis, and Italian troops invaded Albania on April 7th. This fresh Fascist outrage was a clever stroke; it inserted a wedge between Greece and Yugoslavia on the Adriatic and considerably increased the nervous hesitation of Balkan countries to accept British protection too openly.

Since then, there has been a lull and a realignment of forces. President Roosevelt's message to the dictators, asking for a guarantee of non-aggression and proposing methods of peaceful change, was well described by Mr. Mackenzie King as offering a peace conference before a war instead of after it. It also contains a veiled threat which cannot be ignored with impunity, for it will make more certain that the economic power of the U.S.A. would be aligned against the dictators in case of aggression.

Finally, the approaches which Britain has at last made to Russia have met with a disconcertingly wholehearted response. Clearly the Russians want to be sure of help in the East before they promise it in the West. If their proposals are accepted, there may be a breathing space. The fate of the world probably depends upon whether this is used to restore some kind of international order with true collective security and a willingness to remedy grievances. Ultimately disaster cannot be avoided any other way.

## The Debate on Foreign Policy

**Q**UITE apart from the much publicised statement of Mr. King, with which Mr. Manion concurred, that there will be no conscription in Canada for service overseas, the recent discussion of foreign policy in the House of Commons deserves more study than it will probably receive (Hansard March 30, 31; April 3). Though he ignored

the class bias responsible for British policy in Spain, in fact ignored Spain, Mr. King gave an otherwise masterly analysis of recent events in Europe and of differing views in Canada. He ended, of course, with his usual slogan of "Parliament will decide." Of particular interest was his well supported contention that the other Dominions had taken no more marked a stand in support of Britain in September than Canada.

Mr. Thorson put the case for the right to neutrality as embodied in his bill before the House; Mr. Coldwell showed the present situation to be a direct result of British policy since 1932; Mr. Douglas rightly insisted on an embargo on war materials to the aggressor nations to be the first necessary step, while Mr. MacNeil ably showed how our present statutes led us into a state of war in 1914 before Parliament could meet to decide anything, and how it might be so again. Among the several speeches by French Canadians, Mr. Raymond's stands out as an able and lucid plea for non-intervention in European wars.

## Trade Unions and the Law

**T**WO matters of considerable importance to the trade union movement are now before the Canadian public. One is a case in the Quebec courts in which it has just been held by Surveyer, J., that trades unions may be sued as defendants but cannot themselves sue as plaintiffs. This astonishing state of affairs is apparently the result of the bill introduced last year by Mr. Duplessis which, without directly incorporating the unions, declared that they (in common with other incorporated associations) could be summoned before the courts under the name by which they are designated or commonly known. If this decision stands in appeal it will mean that the employers will have the unions just where they want them—available for reaching by legal process yet unable to reach the employers by the same process. Legalistic ingenuity in the interests of capital could scarcely go further. The other matter is the adoption by the Dominion government of Mr. Woodsworth's

bill to make it a crime for employers to fire or penalise workers for trades union activities. As a result of Mr. Woodsworth's constant endeavors with his own measure, which stirred the trades unions to put pressure upon the government, Mr. Lapointe has put a similar bill forward in almost identical language. Thus an important new principle of social behaviour has reached the point of protection by legal sanction. If the Senate does not block the amendment the workers of Canada will owe another debt of gratitude to the CCF leader; if it does, he can be trusted to return to the charge.

### Another Disallowance

ON March 30, 1937, Mr. Lapointe told the House of Commons that disallowance was virtually obsolete. On August 17, 1937, he disallowed three Alberta Acts. On June 15, 1938, he disallowed two more. On March 27, 1939, he disallowed a sixth. Seldom has a distinguished public man been compelled to swallow his words so completely and in such painful publicity in so short a time after they were uttered. The latest disallowance brings the total since Confederation to one hundred and seven: British Columbia forty-three, Manitoba twenty-eight, Ontario ten, Nova Scotia nine, Alberta seven, Quebec six, Saskatchewan three and New Brunswick one. All seven Alberta Acts have been disallowed by Mr. Lapointe himself. Liberal governments, popular belief to the contrary notwithstanding, have disallowed fifty-nine Acts to the Conservatives' forty-seven (one Act was disallowed by the Union government), though the total period of Conservative rule is considerably longer than the Liberal.

### Prison Reform

THE cause of prison reform makes slow progress in Canada. The Archambault Royal Commission produced a splendid report last year, but the government legislation to implement it was wrecked in the Senate, Mr. Meighen leading a totally unjustifiable attack on a desirable bill. This year another bill has been accepted, but again the Senate has shown its unprogressive attitude by its rejection of the improvements proposed in the administration of parole. Under the new scheme there will be a special Commission charged with the administration of the penitentiaries, instead of the single individual who formerly held the post. The personnel of this Commission, of course, will be of prime importance; it is to be hoped that there will be a recognition of the fact that the handling of prisoners requires something more than a military background. When the Commission is appointed the real job of modernizing and making scientific our penal sys-

tem will only just begin. It is not likely to be carried out successfully unless the public generally and the interested welfare organizations keep constant watch on the responsible officials. Both in England and the United States voluntary associations play an important part in the ordinary administration of the criminal law, and the same should be true of Canada. There are already six local prisoners' aid societies, all affiliated in the Canadian Penal Association, and they might very well be assisted by the government for their work in prison visitation and after care. Along with this assistance should go a great extension of the work of probation officers, compulsory attendance centres and other methods of keeping prisoners out of prison. For juvenile offenders, the Borstall System should be at once made standard, and here we would commend to the Dominion government the excellent example set by British Columbia in establishing at Vancouver the first Borstall centre of Canada. Though it has been in operation for only a little more than a year it has already shown that Canadian youths respond to this treatment as readily as do the young offenders in England.

## Premier Hepburn and the Professors

HUMPHREY CARVER

ON account of its geographical isolation the exact function of Canada in the imminent struggle for Democracy remains difficult to determine and must be a matter for free and unprejudiced discussion. One thing at least is sure; we can at present best serve Democracy by jealously guarding the right to discuss a problem of such gravity without abuse or fear. As too many have already discovered, there is as much danger of losing the struggle at home as on the battlefield.

The Provincial Legislature of Ontario has recently been the scene of a violent attack upon this freedom of discussion. Two University professors, who have expressed opinions not in conformity with those of Provincial politicians, have been publicly abused in most indiscreet language and, what is more distressing, the University authorities have themselves been threatened with special penalties if these professors are not dismissed from their positions. The two persons involved are Professor George Grube, Editor of the Canadian Forum, and Professor Frank Underhill, a regular contributor.

The cause of the attack was an incident in the Ontario C.C.F. Convention held on April 7th. On this occasion Professor Grube spoke in support



of a motion introduced by his C.C.F. unit which characterised "the present 'Defence' estimates" as "a waste of public money in the interests of British Imperialism" and suggested that the funds would be better used for public works in the solution of the urgent unemployment problem. On April 13th, the Premier, referring to Professor Grube as "this foreigner, easily discerned by his name," demanded that he be immediately dismissed from his employment "for speaking disparagingly of the British Empire." The provocative nature of the Premier's ill-chosen epithet must surely have antagonised many Canadian citizens who were not born in the Dominion but who, like Professor Grube, served with British forces in the last war; this is not the kind of loyalty they hoped to find in Canada. Colonel Drew, leader of the Opposition, supported the Premier and, irrelevantly quoting statements made several years previously by Professor Underhill under entirely different international circumstances, demanded that he also should be penalised. A certain Colonel Fraser Hunter described the professors as "rats that would scuttle the ship of state." The Premier read a telegram from the Newmarket Lions Club urging that University grants be reduced until the governing body "weeds out men who poison the minds of Ontario's finest young men and women."

Perhaps the most astonishing aspect of the episode is that not one single member of that Provincial assembly rose to defend the rights of these two citizens to express their opinions without fear of recrimination. It is at least to the credit of the Premier that the violence of his attack must have been based on the assumption that some voice would be raised in defence of civil liberty. Are the members of our legislatures themselves so intimidated by their own infernal party machines that they cannot recognize a fundamental issue when they see one? If our political representatives are so incapable of identifying the embryo of totalitarianism this is no time to be reducing grants to Provincial Universities; the doors of a liberal education must be thrown wide open in the hope that at least one or two who have enjoyed its benefits will find their way into a future Provincial legislature. It is encouraging to observe that, within two days of this sinister episode, fifteen hundred students of the University had signed a Petition in support of the professors' extra-mural rights of citizenship. They, at least, could perceive the absurdity of censoring those whose considered opinions emerge from a calm and unsentimental study of history and philosophy and who may therefore be as competent to guide public thought as those fiery and emotional patriots at Queen's Park.

Unless a man has been willing to work for democracy at home, has he the right to ask others to fight for democracy abroad? In the Province of Ontario there have been altogether too many patriots whose protestations of loyalty would be a little less sickening if they had made some effort to identify themselves with the progressive social forces of peace-time. Canadians will fight. But they must know what they are fighting for and whom they are fighting for. It is extremely doubtful whether they will wish to fight for the particular conception of Democracy that Premier Hepburn and Colonel Drew appear to have in mind. This point of view was admirably expressed in a statement issued to the press by Professor Grube on April 14th.

"As a free Canadian citizen I claim the vital democratic right to freely criticise the policy of the Canadian or any other governments. I believe in non-intervention in any European war to be the best policy for Canada. But the majority of my fellow-citizens may decide otherwise, and Canada may find herself at war. I am a democrat before anything else and would accept the majority decision so that, if called upon for military service, I should respond to the call. I was a soldier in the last war and, if necessary, will be a soldier in the next. But until that day comes, and indeed beyond it, I shall fight for democracy, freedom of speech and civil liberties every step of the way. Which is more than can be said for most of my critics."

There are many readers of *The Forum* who do not share Professor Grube's confidence in a policy of non-intervention for Canada, but there can be none who do not deplore the intervention of Government upon the rights of a citizen, whether he be a plumber, a publisher or a professor. As this goes to press, the fate of our two distinguished editors is undecided. It is to be hoped that the Board of Governors of the University of Toronto and the authorities of Trinity College will courageously refuse to allow political influence to govern their affairs and will maintain that freedom of speech is the very foundation of a liberal education. All who recognise the importance of the issues involved should add their protests to those that have already been made.

### An Explanation

The Editor, Canadian Forum,  
28 Wellington St. W., Toronto.

Dear Sir:

I note your editorial in the April number on "Leadership Whither?"

May I say that I have declined to accept the Vice-Chairmanship of the Leadership League or any other office. I feel that I can be of greater service to my country in the field of Medical Research.

Yours very truly,  
F. G. BANTING, M.D.

Toronto, April 13th.

# Unemployment and Relief

EUGENE FORSEY

SINCE about February 23, the Montreal Gazette, that ardent supporter of the Leadership League, has been engaged in a rather more than semi-official campaign to abolish relief, on the ground that "unemployment is a consequence of relief" and that "the answer" to unemployment "is to eliminate unemployment relief of every sort as fast and as far as we can subordinate our sentimentality to common sense and true humanitarianism." The quotations are not from the Gazette's own editorials on the subject, which are a trifle more cautious. They are from the gifted pen of Montreal's leading writer of pseudonymous letters to the press: "Student," alias "Antonius," "Enquirer," "Democrat," "S," "Conservative," "One Voter," "Soyons Sages," "Soyons Raisonnables," and possibly some other things. But the Gazette in one of its editorials quoted approvingly from one of these letters; and it apparently submits replies to "Student" to his scrutiny before printing them. (At any rate, one such reply, dated March 11, and printed March 13, was answered by "Student" in a letter dated March 12.) Furthermore, on March 28, the Gazette printed on its editorial page a long article by a Mr. C. Wicksteed Armstrong (whose specialties are garbled British statistics, equally garbled versions of the economic and political history of France and Germany since the war, and howlers on the Malthusian theory), in which that gentleman advanced the same thesis. We may therefore safely conclude that the Gazette looks with a kindly eye on even the more extreme and reckless formulations of the "Student"-Armstrong theory. And as the Gazette speaks for a very powerful section of Canadian opinion, it is, I think, worth while to examine the theory briefly in the light of statistical evidence.

One or two examples will suffice. In 1928, according to the Bureau of Statistics, the number of unemployed wage earners in Canada was 60,000. In the first nine months of 1930, before there was any relief at all, it had grown to 331,000. Moreover, since 1936 we have cut down the number of employable persons on relief by nearly half, yet the average number of unemployed wage earners in 1938 was down only 5.3 per cent. from 1936. For the last three months of 1938, average unemployment was 5.6 per cent. higher than in the same period of 1936, though the number of employable persons on relief was 44 per cent. lower. For January 1939, the num-

ber of employable persons on relief was 43.2 per cent. lower than in January 1936; but the number of unemployed wage earners was exactly the same as in January 1936 (485,000). For the year 1938, only about 36 per cent. of the unemployed were on relief (as compared with about 65 per cent. some years ago), and in January 1939 only 37 per cent. were on relief. Confronted with facts like these, "Student" boldly terms them "irrelevant," and observes that "everyone" except me "knows" that he is telling "the truth."

Well meaning supporters of the Leadership League might ponder the implications of this campaign and the methods by which it is being carried on. A word to the wise is sufficient.

## The Taxpayers' Money

EUGENE FORSEY

NEWSPAPERS and public men of all parties are devoting an increasing amount of attention to public finance: taxation, revenue, expenditure and debt. But neither the editorials nor the speeches are always as informative about the actual facts of the situation as one could wish. That is not altogether surprising, for the statistics on the subject leave much to be desired. For the Dominion and the provinces the figures are fairly complete and clear, though the latest year for which they are available in detail is 1936; but the matter is complicated by the fact that the fiscal years of these authorities end on different dates, and that the provinces do not adopt uniform methods of accounting. For instance, some charge relief to ordinary account, some to capital, some partly to one and partly to the other. For the municipalities the figures are decidedly incomplete, and again the latest year available is 1936. The figures which follow should therefore be accepted with a certain reserve; but they probably present a picture which is not seriously distorted.

1936 National	Dom.-Prov.	Dom.-Prov.	Dom.-Prov.
Income	Taxation	Revenue	Expend.
\$4,516,000,000	\$482,000,000	\$721,000,000	\$819,000,000
Dom.-Prov. Debt	Dom.-Prov. Welfare	Education	
Charges	Expenditure		
\$265,000,000	\$206,000,000	\$29,500,000	

In other words, Dominion and provincial taxation took about 11 per cent of the national income; taxation plus motor licenses a little over 11 per cent; Dominion and provincial revenue of all kinds about 16 per cent; Dominion and provincial expenditures about 18 per cent. Of total Dominion-provincial revenues, debt charges took almost 37 per cent, welfare (including relief) about 28.5 per cent, education a trifle over 4 per cent. Of

Dominion-provincial expenditures, debt charges accounted for almost a third, welfare for almost a quarter, education for about 3.6 per cent. (All these figures eliminate duplication arising from Dominion subsidies and grants to the provinces.)

Municipal tax receipts (including tax arrears and taxes levied by school boards) in 1936 seem to have been about \$313,000,000. Unfortunately figures of other revenues and of expenditures are available only for the larger municipalities, and not completely even for them. The larger municipalities account for about 64 per cent of total tax receipts. Allowing for the smaller units, it seems probable that total Dominion-provincial-municipal taxes in 1936 amounted to about \$795,000,000, or a little less than 18 per cent of the national income; total taxes plus motor licenses to about \$822,000,000, or a little over 18 per cent of the national income; total revenues to about \$1,145,000,000, or a little over a quarter of the national income; and total expenditures to about \$1,227,000,000, or about 27 per cent of the national income. Dominion-provincial-municipal debt charges (including guaranteed debt) absorbed about \$337,000,000, or 42 per cent of the taxes, 29.4 per cent of the revenue, and 27.5 per cent of the expenditure. Welfare took about \$231,000,000, or 29 per cent of the taxes, 20 per cent of the revenues, and 19 per cent of the expenditures. Education took about \$123,000,000, or 15.5 per cent of the taxes, 11 per cent of the revenues, and 10 per cent of the expenditures.

Total public debt, including guaranteed debt, after allowing for sinking funds and Bank of Canada holdings of government securities, is about \$7,010,000,000. (The latest figure for municipal debt is for 1936, when it stood at \$1,083,000,000. It is probably rather less now, as 1936 showed a reduction of \$289,000,000 from 1935.) Against this there are revenue-producing assets of approximately \$956,000,000, leaving a net total of about \$6,054,000,000. Of the \$7,010,000,000, approximately 30 to 33 per cent is probably held outside Canada. (It is hard to be precise, for figures of the amount of C.N.R. debt held outside Canada are not available.) A quick check of corporation statistics shows that easily another 30 per cent of Canadian public debt is held by corporations. Such figures as we have of the distribution of wealth suggest that most of the interest payments, (some \$341,000,000 in 1938, according to the Financial Post) go to the well-to-do. As only about 18 or 19 per cent of Dominion-provincial revenue, based on ability to pay, and probably an even smaller percentage of municipal revenues, fairly clear that the well-to-do get at least as much out of the government as they pay to it.

May, 1939

## O CANADA!

(A prize of \$1.00, or a six months' subscription to The Canadian Forum, is given for the first cutting in this column. Original cuttings should be sent, with name and date of paper.)

"I didn't create the crisis. It was created by very good big lawyers and very good big politicians and very good big financiers who employed the big lawyers to influence the big politicians and the big parties. Big people wanted to do big business, afraid of the big consequences, so they created big companies . . ."

(Mayor Houde, first citizen of Montreal, as reported in the Montreal Star, 24th March, 1939.)

\* \* \*

"Nowadays virtually any one who wants an automobile may have it. Most houses today have ice-boxes or electric systems of refrigeration; and the very rich cannot do any better than this, except that they may use more ice."

(Editorial in the Toronto Globe and Mail, 13th April, 1939.)

\* \* \*

"I visited Mr. Tim Buck when he was in Port Arthur. Perhaps that was a little risky, but I got the surprise of my life. He had been in an automobile accident and I was wondering how many clergymen from the head of the lakes had visited him. I found him to be just as intelligent as I was. When we bowed our heads before the Great Creator, I was perhaps the one who slipped a little because I opened my eyes to peek to see if his were closed. They were closed as reverently as mine. I am going to be very careful in voting for any bill that will restrict the publications of a man of that type because I think deep down in the heart of Tim Buck there is something that is good."

(Rev. Daniel McIvor, M.P., of Fort William, as reported in Hansard, 24th March, 1939.)

\* \* \*

"I do not think the wheels of industry in this country can turn on five per cent per annum. I am thoroughly convinced of that, and I do not think it fair to ask industry to operate effectively on five per cent."

(Mr. W. A. Walsh, M.P., of Montreal, as reported in the Montreal Star.)

\* \* \*

"Recently it was reported that parents of some boys at Toronto Normal Schools had objected to their boys being given pins with 'paix,' the French for peace—on them."

(Toronto Daily Star, 5th April, 1939.)

\* \* \*

"We might be able to go through the next war, but if we continue with the birth rate we have today in comparison with the birth rates which are becoming very common in some of the rival nations, I doubt very much that we shall be able to go successfully through many wars. Something must be done about the matter."

(Mr. J. H. Blackmore, M.P., as reported in Hansard, 3rd April, 1939.)

\* \* \*

"For the attention of the Household Worker. Why not visit the Old Country in 1939? Meet again your relations and friends . . . low ocean rates . . ."

(From an advertisement of a well known steamship company; issued in Montreal.)

\* \* \*

The prize this month goes to Mr. S. Berman of 4605 Hutchison Street, Apartment 5, Montreal.



# Canada and the New World Order

A. R. M. LOWER

**E**ACH day, with its news of fresh German aggressions seems to make it more apparent that the old world order, in which Canadians have hitherto lived so comfortably, is passing away. We are faced with something new, something of sharper temper than anything of which we have had experience before. Yet however distasteful the world becomes to us, we have to live with it. The task before us is to foresee the future as clearly as we can and to adapt ourselves to the strange, new world that it may present. In whatever time we have left, we shall have to think about our trade, so relentlessly chained to the outside world, about our foreign policy, heretofore so much of a luxury, about the exact nature of our relations with Great Britain, about our defences, not even now taken overly seriously and about our relations with the United States.

Much of our overseas trade is with Great Britain. If that country decreases in population (which is statistically certain) and in wealth, our trade will be seriously affected. It will be the task of statesmen to cultivate new markets if old ones decline. If Europe's future comes to lie under a great Pax Germanica (which, however repugnant to Canadians in respect of its spiritual values, would almost certainly stand for order and efficiency and therefore perhaps also for prosperity) we would have to trade with such a Europe, even though in the same spirit with which our dauntless business men now resolutely and grimly do business with Japan.

If the long view is necessary for trade, it is much more so for foreign policy. During the crushing series of defeats that Germany has been administering to France and England, this country literally has had no foreign policy. It has been a waiter upon events. Nothing could be more humiliating to those who have an affection for their native land than the way in which the majority of people wobble about, without will or decision of their own, taking their lead from a distant statesman over whom they have no control, who has no responsibility towards them, whose policy they cannot influence in any particular, for whom, or against whom, they cannot even vote.

And, the writer cannot forbear to add, a statesman with whose policy the majority of English-speaking Canadians if they understood it (which of course they do not), would find themselves in sharp disagreement. The interests of the English governing class, with its strong tendencies towards

rule from above and against democracy, can never be ours. Few Canadians, steeped in the tradition of freedom and independence, have failed, as Mr. Chamberlain has obviously failed, to understand the real drift and intent of Hitler's ambitions. Few Canadians of British descent have wished to see a Franco victory in Spain, since a victory for aristocracy, reaction and Catholicism is not one to appeal to the strongly democratic and Protestant majority of this country. Yet, even now, with all that has happened, of real understanding of our interests, as opposed to sentimental ancestor-worship, there is, except on the part of a small group, little sign. We were and are a nation of "yes-men," a squad of infantry changing our direction in unthinking obedience to the commands of the sergeant-major across the water. And worse still, a sergeant-major who is not even aware that he is ordering us about.

That must not continue to happen. Taking our cue from statesmen of older countries we must decide what Canada's vital national interests are. The decision must be taken neither narrowly or sentimentally. What are the things that we must do in the new kind of world we are entering, a world in which we shall have to depend largely on ourselves, if we expect to retain our freedom and independence?

First of all we must be ready to defend ourselves, without expecting aid from elsewhere. Fortunately nature fights on our side. Few countries can be so easily defended as can Canada. But modern defences cannot be conjured out of thin air. We must, therefore, put ourselves into a position to secure the means of defence. We must either forge an armament industry of our own and be men enough to look in the face the corruption and the venal vested interests that cling around armament industries, or we must open and keep open a channel to a sure source of supplies. There can be only one such source, the United States. The Britain of the future will be lucky if it can provide for itself, let alone us. Meanwhile sentimental considerations which induce our authorities to purchase necessary equipment in England and to gear our defence forces to England are scarcely short of treasonable. How could England, if at war herself, possibly spare a single cartridge, let alone ships and guns, for Canada? And if England were to lose the command of the sea, however good her will, the enemy would see to it that it was he who got her supplies, not us.

Having made sure of our armaments, we must



make sure of our coasts. The present writer has shown elsewhere how easily both east and west coasts could be defended against all invasion, even the major effects of major powers, if material and men were provided. He should add to what he has already written in that respect that the defence of the east coast depends upon Newfoundland. We must put our advanced bases out on the east coast of Newfoundland. It, therefore, becomes vital for us that Newfoundland should be under our political control. We cannot afford much longer to allow so large a sector of the North American coast—not only Newfoundland itself, but that part of the Labrador coast which it controls—to remain under the weak guardianship of a small crown colony.

Certain recent articles, notably one in the Canadian Defence Quarterly, October 1, 1938, by Flight Lieutenant A. Carter have shown us that our glance must now be more widely directed than towards the east and west coasts alone. Of the four natural entrances to this continent from the east, Canada controls two, the St. Lawrence and Hudson Straits. Nothing is easier than to close the St. Lawrence, as history shows, but Hudson Straits are wide and they give access to a body of water reaching far inland. In the eighteenth century the French slipped through them and destroyed Fort Churchill. If an enemy were to slip through today, he could come over to Churchill or York, or the south end of James Bay and find himself within a few hundred miles of our vital centres, which, unless we could quickly destroy him, he could bomb with the airplanes he would have brought with him. Hudson Straits opens a way into the centre of the continent. They also "envelope" or "cover" the centre of the continent. Hence if they were closed along with the St. Lawrence, the Canadian turtle would have drawn its head in under its shell and could not be harmed.

They would not be hard to close. Air patrol maintained during the short summer season would indicate the approach of an enemy ship, which could then be bombed on its way in. A submarine or two stationed near the entrance to the straits would constitute a further deterrent. The widest measure of all, and one of which some study should be made, would be the purchase of the southern tip of Greenland from Denmark and the erection of an air base thereon. A series of air patrols from bases near Cape Farewell in Greenland, near Port Burwell at the eastern entrance to the Straits, from the Straits of Belle-Isle, from St. John's, Newfoundland, and from Halifax (from which city an advanced post might possibly be established on Sable Island, well out to sea) would provide efficient observation for the entire

eastern approach to the interior. If they were given appropriate support both the entrances to it would be impregnable.

Ultimately our defence and safety are intimately related to our association with the United States. If we decide to depend entirely on that country defending us we shall have to expect to pay the bills incurred. These bills might consist in money contributions of approximately the same weight as American citizens themselves have to make, but in addition they would be embodied in measures of control that would be repugnant to a people who wish to govern themselves. Our only hope for reasonable freedom of action in the future lies in looking after ourselves. Already articles are beginning to appear in American periodicals with titles which suggest much, such as "Canada—our military ward." The present writer does not believe that our neighbours' actions or insinuations would be either harsh or oppressive, but in their own lookout, they cannot much longer desist from some sort of intimate interest in what we are doing—or not doing. The United States has found it necessary for its own safety to turn the Caribbean Sea into what is almost an American lake, and it has gone as far west as Hawaii to ensure its western coasts. Canada has been left completely alone because the assumption has always been that she is friendly and that as part of the British Empire she is safe from attack. As it becomes clearer that the British Empire virtually lies at the mercy of continental antagonists and can no longer guarantee the safety of its parts, American interest in Canada is certain to increase—just as it is at present increasing in South America, another part of the new world now, thanks to the air, not quite so much immune from overseas interference as formerly. If we in Canada wish to retain our self-respect and comparative freedom of action, we will forestall inquiries from the south by showing that we are capable of defending ourselves. On that basis the relations between the two countries can go on indefinitely on their present footing.

People usually smile incredulously—or what is stranger, become violently angry—when confronted by the assertion that Canada could defend herself against an attack in force by a major power. But it is the present writer's firm conviction, arrived at after much study of the problem, that providing we use enough intelligence and are willing to provide the relatively simple materials of defence required, we can defend our shores against any overseas power whatsoever.

Those who dislike the idea that Canada can defend herself—sometimes one is almost driven to imagining that they hope she cannot—should look at recent developments in the Philippines.

Here is a group of islands surely as exposed as it is possible for any position to be. They are thousands of miles away from the American mainland and no responsible American naval officer, in the writer's knowledge, has ever pretended that the American fleet could protect them by waging a war against the Japanese navy in its home waters. Yet Lieutenant-General Douglas MacArthur is reported as believing that if he has a few more years in which to train his Filipino "guardia" he can guarantee to hold the islands against the full force of Japanese attack, and for the simple reason that although ships' guns and planes can do much damage to property, they are ineffective against relatively weak shore defences. He is said to stress the British failure at the Dardanelles as a good example of this proposition and to believe that well-trained infantry, armed with light, modern weapons can beat off any possible landing party. If that can be done for a distant and relatively vulnerable position like the Philippines, it certainly can be done all the more easily for a country as naturally strong as Canada.

For the defence of our Canadian coasts against nations even stronger than Japan, we need a certain supply of "well-trained infantrymen" but much more we need the units especially designed for coastal defence by land and sea. The ornamental militiaman with his gaze fixed on European wars, must in large measure disappear. We need certain forces, it is true, but most emphatically, what we do not need is the paraphernalia of an expeditionary force. It is hard to see, for example, why our authorities have wasted money on such weapons as tanks, when all that can be said about them is that they have been brought across the ocean and their only use would lie in being shipped back across the ocean again. What we need to do is to concentrate our efforts and our money on shore defences (made in Canada, not England), ships and airplanes. Save for the supporting personnel required for these, the soldier in Canada is for the most part ornamental but not useful.

It is unfortunate that we have so deliberately sought to introduce the military and naval traditions of Great Britain into our growing services. Both these traditions, the military more particularly, take their rise from a feudal society with its strong emphasis on class, its authoritarianism and the codes, customs and routines of a stratified society. Warfare, especially military warfare, as conceived in Great Britain is still too much a combination of the field sports of a country aristocracy with the display of the feudal array for it to suit the very strong democratic atmosphere of a country like this. The kind of spirit consistent with our psychology is the professional spirit.

Our minds readily turn to concrete, technical problems. Our hands are adaptable—more used to tools than to tea-cups. The useless traditionalism of the services, their associations with feudalism, as they have been brought across the sea by their devotees, should be swept away and their spirit revamped and geared closely to the essential nature of Canadian life.

To take all the measures necessary to orient Canada to the new world that is being born will require our best thought for many years. But only by an intelligent appreciation of the nature of that new world shall we be able to keep away from our soil the illiberalism, the oppression and the ruthless cruelty with which it seems to be identified.

## Resolve

The leashed motor whines;  
Sinewed gears purr;  
Through slim steel arteries  
Oil's bright floods stir;  
Nervously current leaps  
To light the eyes;  
The wieldy metal mass  
Cross country flies.

Behind the instruments,  
Cold glittering brain,  
I the intelligence  
And spirit reign;  
Insensate power I  
Hold to my use—  
Blind force that uncontrolled  
Were doom let loose.

Shall I, who apprentice power  
To ordered ways,  
Abdicate my soul  
When body brays?

—UI BRIUN.



# I Am a Transient

HENRY PAUL

I AM an unemployed transient; that is to say, I have spent most of the last ten years on the drift. From town to town across the Dominion at least a dozen times and through 40 of the 48 States, by box car, blind baggage and highway, I have kept moving. I have alternated periods of unskilled poorly paid work with living for months at a time on various forms of public relief, or with downright beggary. I am rarely well-dressed and sometimes quite ragged and dirty. I am now 28; I was 18 when I first "hit the road." In point of fact I was graduated directly from a Canadian university into the box car.

In December, 1929, I was a curiosity, almost a freak. A tramp at that time was a man over 35, semi-illiterate, a beaten hulk of a man with a shady, usually criminal past, and no future. I was a fresh-cheeked, somewhat naive lad with a great faith in what the world held in store for me. Indeed sheer force of physical circumstances alone impelled me to take the first steps. But I was not to remain an exception for long. From towns and villages and farms, and especially from the drought-stricken prairies, new recruits flooded in by the thousands.

Their circumstances showed a strong uniformity. Some were, like me, directly from the classroom; most had been living at home in idleness for a year or two, then had left in disgust or had been shown the door by brutal parents who "had been supporting a family at their age." The inhuman provision of the relief system, which in many places excludes children over a certain age—usually 14—from the relief check, forced many either to leave home or take food out of the mouths of younger brothers and sisters. A few left homes to seek adventures, but these were in a decided minority. Most were under 22, some as young as 13 or 14. Virtually none had ever held a decent job or had any work experience; en masse they had no training, trade or profession to fit them for life in a bitterly competitive world.

Let us consider what happened to these boys—my own case will do as an example; many others would vary only in particulars. I left home in December, boarded a freight and rode 300 miles in bitterly cold weather. My first stop was at a Canadian town of some 15,000 people, which had, and I believe still has, a large sign somewhere in its environs advertising it as "a friendly city." It was not such to me. Desperately tired and cold after a 15 hour ride in below-zero weather I stumbled down the main street. Naively enough

I turned my steps towards the local headquarters of a certain international religious organization which makes quite a display of its social and charitable ideals, and which operates a men's hostel in this town. On my arrival there I asked for a bed. The cutting wind was no colder than the refusal, when the person in charge discovered I lacked the necessary quarter. Then I recalled that one of the "stiffs" who had ridden on the train with me had spoken of sleeping at the police station. I turned thither.

On my arrival I inquired timidly of the sergeant at the desk for a bed. I had a vague idea that I would be given at least a bunk and blankets. The sergeant first took my name, address and other particulars, then showed me to my "lodgings." Picture to yourself a room about ten feet by ten feet with no ventilation, with rough stone walls and a cement floor, an open water closet in one corner, a girdle of steam pipes all around, a huge globe burning overhead, and absolutely no furniture of any kind. On the floor there already lay sprawled a dozen, ragged, unkempt men. They occupied all the available space. To get in at all, I had to step over recumbent bodies. But not even the choking odor of unwashed bodies or the swarms of bed bugs could keep me awake. Space to lie down in there was none, so I slept sitting up. I think I could have slept standing too.

I have slept in many such places since, some very little better, some actually worse, but the memory of that "bed" is still fresh with me. In the morning we were awakened at six. I struggled to my feet; apparently half a dozen more men had come in after I fell asleep. As to where or how they slept, I am not willing to hazard a theory. We filed out of the dungeon and back into the bright freshly-painted offices. The burly sergeant booked us out.

"I want you fellows to get out of town," he snapped. "If I catch any of you guys hanging around here, I'll run you in for thirty days."

The few nearest him nodded meekly and we filed out into the street, for this was no idle threat. I have done a total of 46 days in jail at one time or another for the crime of "being without visible means of support."

The cutting cold tore at me. I did not feel hungry. I had already missed too many meals to feel hungry. But it is possible to feel very, very cold, especially if one's stomach is empty. I was tired too, after the "rest" of the previous night. By a stroke of luck, I turned a corner and ran into



one of the "road stiff" who had come into town on the same freight as I.

This man became my mentor for the next two weeks. If I had not met him, I do not know to what desperate steps I might have been driven. He supplied my initiation into the ways of beggary and vagabondage. I do not care to go into the details, which even at this late stage I find disgusting. It was a difficult job, for I was a delicate, sensitive lad, with a streak of honesty which at first made this life unspeakably hard for me.

As I have said we were together for a scant two weeks. I later learned that my pal had a leg cut off under a freight train, a year afterwards. Sardonicly enough he was then "accepted" by the relief office of the municipality in which this occurred. Since that time I have inducted a half-dozen young fellows into the ways of the road. I have found them hungry, bewildered, hopeless. I have rustled them a few meals, broken them into the ropes, then left them. They and I lived miserably, it is true, but by following these methods we were at least able to eat most of the time and generally to get a warm place to sleep.

What is really noteworthy is that these young fellows, like myself, have stayed on the road. I have met them repeatedly in past years, in freights, on the highway or in flophouses. In fact I may say here that I have never met or ever heard of anyone who has lived this life for any considerable period of time and has been able to rehabilitate himself completely.

The following spring, when I had been on the road about three months, I got a job. I had almost given up the pretense of looking for work. All winter I had gone through one town after another where I knew no one and no one knew or wanted to know me. I never had time enough to get acquainted before the police ran me out to the next town. While I was in one place my whole time was taken up with the question of how to get food and tobacco and a warm place to sleep. Bitterly cold night-rides on freights, horrible restless "flops" and bad food, filled my whole existence. My clothes too had become ragged, marking me as a "stiff" and making me an easy prey for ambitious rookie policemen.

Finally I did get a job, a pick and shovel job at enough to pay for my board, clothes, tobacco and no more. It was gruelling work for my young untried muscles; but I stuck it out for the six weeks it lasted. I then found myself again "on the bum," again banging back doors, again being looked at askance by snooty employment bureau clerks for having the temerity to ask for a job in a ragged pair of pants. From time to time I got bits of rough, poorly paid work (this was in 1930-

31). Always the end was the same. The lay-off, the road again, futility.

There may be persons of sufficient strength of character to live through the combination of filth, misery and beggary, that I have described without becoming to some extent demoralized, but I have not met them. When I first went on the road, there were few men under thirty; today there are many, and they are not newcomers. They are the children of fifteen to twenty who drifted into this life five or ten years back. Those who believe that these youngsters will all come back into life if and when jobs are opened for them do not know the facts. Many are beaten hulks today on whose very faces there is the stamp of enforced beggary and degeneracy.

Do I mean to say that these men are hopelessly lost? Not at all. But they need a definite program of rehabilitation. To reduce the question to whether the men will or will not work is the purest nonsense. As a matter of fact most of them will—for short periods of time—but they have lost all stamina, will, direction. They cannot steer directly towards a long-range ambition. It is this state which I call "box-car neurosis," as true a neurosis as any in the Freudian canon. They have been hammered out of the form of men and have become worthless both to themselves and to the society around them.

Some highlights of my experiences may be interesting, inasmuch as they illustrate general conditions. Very early in my life on the road I learned to stay away from various religious bodies, which professionally undertake evangelization of the "down and outer." I am not here attacking religion. Most of the friends of the drifter come from the United and Catholic churches. But there are several religious bodies which have established missions, hostels and the like. The procedure is almost always the same. The group purchases a building on which of course they pay no taxes. Then they proceed in the name of charity to jam the building with beds at a concentration anything up to five times as great as that permitted by law to private rooming house-keepers. After installing a checker board and a handful of last year's magazines as "recreation," they are open for business. The rates are always just a little below what a private rooming-house can profitably charge for the same service. These places are in no sense charitable. Beds are not given away. In each of these places there is a collection of broken down bar-room flies and other seedy types of stiff, who in return for a bed can be counted on for a testimony to their changed lives when pious contributors are present. To the man on the road, who still re-





INTERLUDE

—John A. Hall

tains some self-respect, these “rice-christians”\* are untouchables. In fact to be called a “mission stiff” is a grave insult.

One great solacer the man on the road has—alcohol. I do not mean to say that all men on the road drink, but the proportion of those who are never sober by choice is perhaps as high as one in four. It is a vicious circle. A man drinks because he is miserable, because he drinks and so on. The difficulty of getting money for drink has led to the use of cheaper substitutes. The two principal ones are rubbing-alcohol and canned heat (the alcohol is squeezed out of the latter through a handkerchief).

Any person who cares to inspect the environs of a hobo camp is reasonably sure to find a number of containers of these liquids scattered around. I do not care to describe here the mental and physical effects of these concoctions. Many of the addicts are hardened reprobates of twenty or so.

Since these men are treated as outcasts, it is only natural that they should become such; they have a kind of closed society with its own conventions, groupings, dignities and even a partially developed argot of its own. This tendency towards seclusion has been aided by the rapid growth of sexual perversion, made necessary by lack of female companionship. (In ten years I have seen half a dozen women on the road, and these highly unattractive). Perversions of various types, while by no means universal, are now so common as no longer to be considered marked peculiarities.

As might be expected the physical condition of the men is almost as low as their mental states. Exposure, cold and hunger have taken their toll. Any scheme for rehabilitation must consider this. A stiff percentage would be unable to do a day's work in their present condition, and would require a long process of rebuilding.

I know I will seem to have painted a very black picture but the problem is a vicious one. I have tried here to state it, not to show how it might be corrected. But certainly the first step to be taken is to stop the flood of new recruits. The number of drifters in Canada today is approaching 150,000. (Not all of them are on the road at the same time of course). There are at least three men adrift today for every one in 1929. That is, we have created at least 100,000 tramps or roadstiffs in 10 years. During this decade about 1,000,000 young Canadian boys came to manhood. We have been making a bum out of one young Canadian in every ten.

What is more, this state of affairs has not stopped, neither is it stopping. You are the father or mother of a boy of fourteen. Today there is actually one chance in ten that within a few years he will be picking vermin off himself in a box-car. If you are a wage worker or farmer, your son's chances are even worse, for it is from the homes of the working class that practically all these boys come—hence the complacency of those in high places.

There is of course only one immediate hope—

vigorous governmental action—but how is this to be attained? Those who know the King government's attitude to spending money on social reforms know that unemployment relief will only come through vigorous publicity and agitation; neither the federal nor the provincial governments act progressively on their own initiatives.

The reactionary press in the larger centres maintains a campaign to keep the "bums" on the move; the Canadian imperialists are particularly anxious to get "penniless vagrants" out of sight during the King's visit. On the plea of returning them to homes they haven't got, they are to be banished from the route of the royal itinerary. The Vagrancy Act will no doubt be invoked, as in the past, to herd them into Canadian jails during May and June. A colonial survival of fourteenth century English feudal legislation against revolting serfs, this Act makes it a jail offense to be "without visible means of support."

The focus of resistance to all this must be the men themselves. A large percentage is at the moment too demoralized to be organizable, but there is a score of transients who have been able to save some tattered remnants of their self-respect. Amongst these I have observed a steadily deepening consciousness of their position and an unwillingness to permit themselves to be hounded about the country any longer.

When transients in Toronto began mass "tin-canning" this winter they were thrown into jail—but the consequent public interest and sympathy for their plight resulted in their release and in at least some local and temporary relief.

But, as usual, the support of the liberal press has been sentimental, and more confusing than constructive. "Human interest" articles, such as appeared in the Toronto Star, have represented the mass of the transients as a fine virile Canadian young manhood in need only of some temporary assistance in the way of snow-shovelling or a more elegant but still temporary flop-house. Such propaganda may have all the best intentions but it does not face the facts nor strike at the root of the problem.

What the single unemployed need is not jail and the bum's rush on the one hand, nor mere winter hand-outs on the other. They need work and wages. Moreover the hours and the nature of the work must be adjusted to the endurance of their weakened bodies, and the wages must be high enough so that they can build up physical and moral and mental stamina once more. Nor will this be possible unless the work is of a socially necessary kind. Unemployed camps of the type attempted in the past, and hinted at again by the Leadership League, are simply serf-labor camps

to keep the unemployed away from the big centres where they can make their miseries known, and to put him under military control. In this way he is deprived of what democratic rights he has left and turned into a piece of war-material awaiting export to the next world slaughter.

Any effective program for the transient, as for the unemployed in general, must aim at his absorption into normal and useful industry. Initial measures must include immediate and adequate cash relief, clinical and hospital attention, and work-training schools. A federal program of constructive public works must then be created which will provide jobs at union rates. The money can be found; it is being found instead for "military defence." Why also should it not be possible, in a country where thousands lack proper food and shelter, for the government to take over idle factories and finance and train unemployed to run them co-operatively? Why can there not be a national housing program, and schools to make carpenters out of useless transients?

Such a method of approach, if coupled always with the demand for trade-union rates, is the only way to arouse the indifferent trade-unions to the realization that their interests and those of the unemployed are ultimately the same. The worker of today is the transient of tomorrow. In the meantime the unemployed must of course build his own independent organization on a militant basis; but he must have the support of the trade-unions, he must feel the solidarity of the working-class movement behind him, if his problem is to be solved.

\* "Rice Christians" was originally the name given by white people on the China coast to the hordes of "converts" with which some China missionaries padded their church membership lists. In return for aid given in building a church, or even in return for occasionally attending church, the Chinese "converts" were given two bowls of rice per day. The rice Christians were, in large part, broken-down opium addicts. Among many of them it was the practice to save a little rice each day with a view to trading it for another pipeful of opium when sufficient rice had been collected.



# Canada's Arable Acres

SELWYN DEWDNEY

**T**HE problem of finding a home for European refugees has again brought to mind, both at home and abroad, the fact that Canada is inadequately populated. Few seriously deny that we have an inadequate population, but many exaggerate, and others minimize, its inadequacy. It is the purpose of this article to point out that with respect to Canada's undeveloped arable lands we have no real facts on which to base our conclusions; and to suggest an alternative to the present highly diverting pastime of: guess how many beans in the bag!

The following excerpt, culled by the Winnipeg Free Press from the Hansard of 1884, and by the writer from an editorial in that newspaper on "Men of Vision," is typical of those who exaggerate the extent of our unused acres. Sir Charles Tupper draws the attention of the House to the fact "that 100,000 farmers cultivating half that quantity each"—320 acres—"would give 640,000,000 bushels of wheat—You have only to look at these figures for a single moment to see what the future of Canada is, to see what a magnificent granary for the world is placed in our Canadian Northwest; and when you remember we have six belts running through that fertile country that would each give 320 acres each to 100,000 farmers, you can understand to some little degree what a magnificent future awaits us in the development of that great country." Sir Charles sleeps with his fathers but his spiritual heirs are with us today. According to the Tupperian vision we should now be producing at least three billion bushels of wheat annually, or roughly six times the present world export trade in wheat. Obviously, if this is vision, we are better off without it.

Beginning as a healthy movement to combat this false optimism, a school of thought is developing with equally unhealthy tendencies. The number is increasing of those who, in their passion for cold, hard facts, minimize the extent of Canada's arable acres. The most recent expression of this move appeared in a letter in the February issue of this monthly, above the signature of Eugene Forsey. In the opinion of Professor Taylor of McMaster, and Dr. Jenness of the Dominion Department of Mines and Resources, (I quote from the letter) "the largest population Canada would ever be able to support, in the most favorable circumstances, was 35,000,000 or 36,000,000." This strikes a mildly conservative note compared with what follows. A McGill expert, "a man of unquestioned authority in these mat-

ters, and with an intimate knowledge of both eastern and western Canada, told me a few weeks ago that he was convinced the Taylor and Jenness estimates were just about twice too large." We are led to believe that, according to the latest research, the largest population Canada could ever hope to support would be less than twenty millions! The logical extreme of this tendency has been voiced more than once: Canada has already absorbed all the population she can support.

It is not the intention of this article to deal with the need for, or desirability of, immigration under conditions existing today. A Socialist Canada, however, would be vitally interested in knowing to what extent it could encourage immigration, and to this end should be in possession of accurate knowledge of its potential agricultural lands, rather than estimates which have, as we shall see, little, if any, scientific basis.

It would be entirely misleading to cast doubt on the sincerity or efficiency of the expert who cons statistics, maps and reports, wearily seeking the elusive truth. The expert, however, necessarily accepts this material as reasonably reliable; and the public is led to accept on his authority what ultimately rests on the authenticity of the material itself. Is that material reliable? If so we can accept the findings of our government or university experts; if not, we cannot.

Suppose, for convenience, we divide Canada into three kinds of land: (1) that in which agriculture has been tried for a generation or more, (2) pioneer land where farming has begun, but cannot be said to be established, (3) areas in which no serious attempt has been made at agriculture.

In estimating the extent of arable lands within the first classification no serious difficulty arises. Yet even here it might be pointed out that certain sand lots along the north shore of Lake Erie that had come to be considered as worthless, now produce tobacco to the value of millions of dollars. "Farmed out" areas in Manitoba await only the judicious use of fertilizer, and drought areas in the southern prairies can be partially reclaimed by irrigation, or wholly reclaimed by the return of a moisture cycle. However these areas are comparatively small and can be allowed for without any serious error. We have no real quarrel with statistics here.

When we examine pioneer areas we find our statistics on less firm foundations. Most pioneering efforts depend for their success on more than



the mere fertility of the soil. Those familiar with the history of land settlement in North America will recall few cases where the first attempts to settle new land were not economic failures. Proximity to markets, transportation facilities, financial backing and experience all have their influence; and many homesteaders on good land fail through a deficiency in one or more of these factors. Such land is liable to be blacklisted, and similar areas reported unfit for agriculture before any thorough test of them has been made. Travellers along the northern line of the C.N.R. west of Cochrane note with dismay clearings with deserted cabins, or scrub farms eking out a bare existence, and draw hasty conclusions as to the inadequacy of such land for agriculture. They are ignorant of the fact that many of these homesteads were taken up by pseudo-settlers with the one thought of cutting off the pulpwood, selling it, and moving on. Frequently in their haste to attract a new pulp and paper industry our provinces have granted pulpwood rights over areas that have been inadequately surveyed, including lands that might grow crops more profitably than trees; excluding the settler from making any experiment. At Red Lake, the Howey mine controls the water transport route over which all cheap summer freight must come, and settlers, taking advantage of good clay land along the Chukuni River have been actively discouraged by both the company and the government from homesteading, although two years ago there were some 5,000 people within the Red Lake District paying 25¢ a quart for milk (when they could get it), and similar prices for produce that could have been raised on the spot. Millions have been spent developing mines and paper industries throughout the Canadian shield country; though mines are eventually worked out; and our pulp forests (as confessed by the Minister of Mines and Resources in a recent radio address) are being exhausted, without any policy of forest protection or reforestation to replace them. How much money is being spent to discover the extent and arability of clay pockets adjacent to these industries? What attempt has been made to combat the notoriously high cost of living in northern mining and pulp and paper milling areas, by growing vegetables locally? By a few ambitious individuals some efforts have been made; by governments, federal or provincial, none. Canadians still have the obsession that a farm is a plot of land set aside for the raising of wheat for the export market. Mixed farming with an eye to the local market, has been ignored as a possibility for undeveloped areas though it has developed phenomenally in the west; wheat no longer occupying even half the acreage in most of Manitoba, and in the park belts of Saskatch-

ewan and Alberta, according to the Winnipeg Free Press. Most of Canada's pioneer farming areas are within the Canadian Shield; and the tendency in statistics today is to discount the extent and arability of lands within the Canadian Shield on the strength of less than a generation of experiment during a time when farmers even in well-established areas are going on relief.

The fact is that the only basis for declaring certain of these pioneer areas fit for agriculture, and certain others unfit, is a series of haphazard and unrelated experiments over a very limited period.

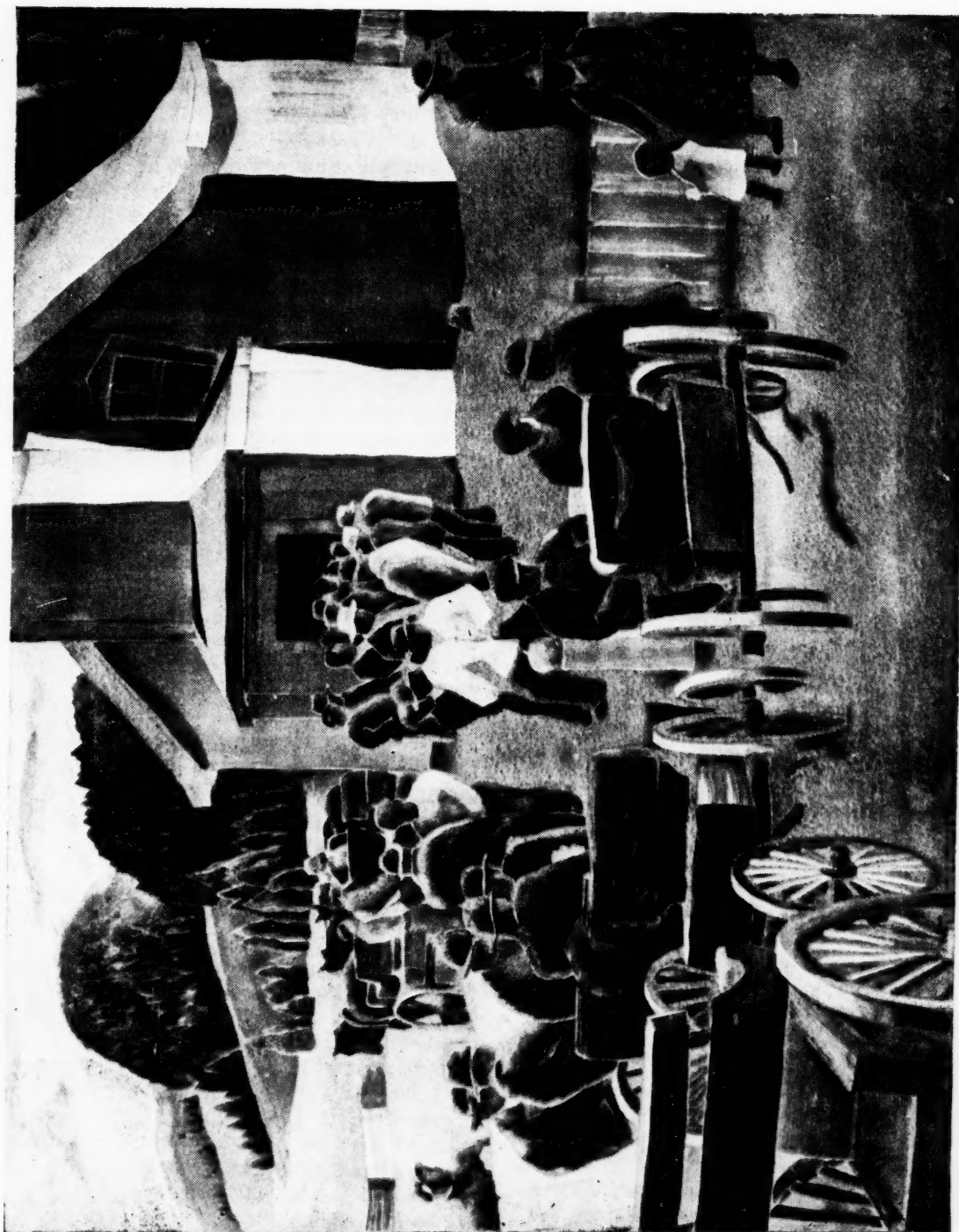
Let us turn to the third classification; areas in which no serious attempts at agriculture have been made. We are all aware that these areas comprise the greater part of Canada. All of us do not realize the extent of our ignorance concerning them. It is this ignorance which accounts for the great disparity between views as to the population Canada must support; and it is here particularly that the writer would like to point out the inadequacy of the information possessed by the experts whose pronouncements we gullibly accept as final.

In the first place just how extensive are these areas? In Ontario only one seventh of the total area has been marked off into townships, forest reserves, timber limits, or mining claims. In the remainder, aerial surveys of prospecting areas, surveys along the main rivers, boundary surveys, isolated geological traverses, and a few trial survey lines for projected railways, form all the scientific mapping work that has been done. This network of surveys, at a generous estimate, has established a reasonably accurate general knowledge of another seventh of the province. The area lying north of the isotherm of 60 degrees F mean July temperature, generally considered (though not proven) to be unfit for the economic production of cereals, comprises about one fifth of the total area. Accepting (on the scantiest of meteorological data) this isotherm as correct, we have left more than half of the area of the wealthiest province of the dominion as an agricultural terra incognita.

It will be remarked by some otherwise well-informed Canadians that the greater part of this area, like so much of Canada's unsettled land, lies within the Canadian Shield; and consequently is of no agricultural value. It is high time that these persons were acquainted with the facts.

The Canadian, or PreCambrian, Shield, occupying more than half the area of the Dominion, is a flat, rather low, plateau, extending in a horse-shoe around Hudson Bay. Its rocks, composed of greatly altered sediments and volcanic intrusions (contacts between which account for most of the





AFTER MASS

—Andre Bieler

rich ore bodies they contain) were long ago worn low by erosion and covered with soil. During the last glacial age the ice sheets, pushing their way south, denuded the rocks of this soil, and disorganized the drainage. Hence the rounded domes of rock with their scanty overburden, and the numerous lakes and swamps so typical of the country today. But this is only half the story. As the ice sheets retreated they dammed the natural drainage northward, forming the vast inland seas whose remnants are the great lakes of Canada today. In the beds of these lakes was laid the clay that forms the clay belts of Northern Ontario, the fertile soil of southern Manitoba, and not a little of the western prairie soil. Geologists estimate the area of the largest of these, Lake Agassiz, to have been something like 100,000 square miles. The existence of large clay belts within the Canadian Shield has already been established and their agricultural value proven: how many smaller clay deposits exist in the unexplored parts of the Shield we do not know. Any estimate of arable lands must take into account these unknown areas; and that is precisely what the latest estimates avoid.

But what of the validity of such maps, statistics, and surveyors' reports as form the basis for present estimates? Do they contain information about the unsettled areas that is reasonably reliable?

It is true that agriculture has never been seriously attempted in these regions, but after all, most traders, missionaries, even trappers, have their gardens, and these give some indication of what typical areas can produce agriculturally. The number of these vegetable gardens is rarer than one would suppose, however, and gardening seldom taken seriously enough to be sure of results. The writer's brother, living at Fort McPherson, north of the Arctic Circle, last summer ripened a few tomatoes on the vine—the first time it had occurred to anyone that tomatoes could grow so far north. Such an experiment, while of little value in itself, indicates how little is known of the agricultural possibilities of our northern regions. The average resident grows only a few varieties of vegetables, takes but indifferent care of them, and is only an amateur gardener at best. Is it significant that the world's best wheat continues to be grown further north from year to year? What is the actual northern limit for the economic production of cereals, or root crops? What are the climatic conditions of our vast hinterland? Have we adequate records of rainfall, rates of evaporation, temperature, frequency of summer frosts, soil analyses, and so on, on which to base our conclusions as to the arability of northern lands?

We have not.

What can be done about it?

Much more can be done than is being done, if we consider the task worth spending money on, and if we provide the money to spend. In the United States aerial photography is being employed not merely for mapping purposes, but to analyze the character of the vegetation and soil: all this at less cost than ground parties would incur. Experimental farms placed at strategic points beyond our present agricultural frontiers, preferably in the vicinity of pulpwood and mining developments, could do much to enlighten our ignorance. If we had an eye to the future, that is what we should be doing.

As it is, our experts and laymen alike vie with one another in making wild guesses as to the extent of Canada's arable acres. It is a pleasant pastime, as unprofitable as it is diverting. The pity of it is that many otherwise intelligent Socialists, in the fear that any lowering of immigration barriers would increase unemployment, are lending their ears to estimates which limit most seriously our prospects of expansion; estimates whose authority ought most certainly to be questioned.

## Embargo

The slash of steel-clawed words  
slashing invaders  
serves only the cause of cold derision.  
These yellow cockerels  
strutting rut-roads,  
raping earth with aerial torpedoes,  
flaking the cities to fine dust  
these must be fed wheat, fed forests,  
their beaks sharpened with scrap-iron  
or be no mate for eagles,  
these can be hindered.  
Cargoes now, they can be bombs,  
be barricades halting invaders;  
bare ships can dull beaks  
and clip spurs of cockerels crowing  
derision.

Embargo can be armament for peace.

—DORIS FERNE.

## Nocturne

Night is a woman  
Forlorn and tired,  
With her youth faded,  
No longer desired.

Her thoughts keep snarling  
Like tangled thread,  
She huddles by the fire  
And dreams of the dead.

—RUBY FRIEDMAN.

# A Day In Town

ALICE BUTALA

THE woman emerged from the hole that served as a cellar and placed a loaf and the one remaining tin of salmon on the rickety table. This would do the children until she returned. Another admonition regarding fires, a reminder of the few chores, and she climbed heavily over the wagon wheel to settle herself as best she could on the narrow board that served as a seat. Her husband clucked to the scrawny team and they bumped slowly down the frozen trail on their thirteen-mile trip to town. Yesterday's Chinook had melted all but the last dirty remnants of snow and the landscape was dull and depressing in the bleak morning light. The trail topped a rise and exposed the neighbor's scattered dwellings. With unpainted boards or flapping tarpaper, they crouched among the debris of ashes, cans, slop-water, and worn-out machinery, like old drunkards among empty whiskey-bottles.

Now they descended into the coulee and the woman clung tightly and braced herself to keep from falling over the front of the box, as they clashed over a stone, or dropped heavily into a hole. The last six miles of the road was graded and at this time of year worse than the trail. It was distinguished by three washouts. The bumps were fearful and nothing but a strongly-built wagon, or a woman who has fought drought conditions for eight years, could have stood it. As it was, she began to feel that dull ache in her back. Everyone who drinks alkali water long enough gets it, but it didn't bother her much unless she rode in the wagon.

The air had a damp chill in it. The woman shuddered and tried to change her position. She was grateful for the shabby black coat even if it was three sizes too large, but she couldn't help wishing the donor had left in the chamois lining. At length the horses, sweating profusely and trembling in every limb, stopped in front of the general store. The woman climbed out stiffly and awkwardly. She was chilled through, and blue with cold.

Gratefully she huddled near the hot stove in the store and held out her hands to its warmth. She looked about. Vigorous children eating cornflakes, impossibly fat babies drinking canned milk, a lady calmly reading while an electric washer did the work. Aunt Jemima coaxingly urging you to make pancakes by mixing water with a packaged preparation. The door opened and for a moment it seemed as though one of the cardboard figures had come to life. Permanent

wave, modish house dress, trim silken ankles, high-heeled pumps, the vision flashed a friendly smile at the stolid figure by the stove and turned to the merchant.

"Anybody in town today, Chet?"

"Nope. Deader'n a saloon in prohibition."

"See my little handy-pandies—they're cold."

"Poppa will make them all warm."

Then ensued a friendly interchange of slaps and pats, during which the customer learned that there were no fresh eggs, that the storekeeper had a swell time at the party last night, and that she was a little devil. With a series of squeaks and shrieks and a last mad sally that carried the merchant out from behind the counter and over to the door, the charmer departed, her saucy yellow beret bobbing merrily as she tripped along. She was forty-five, but all her friends assured her that viewed from the rear and at a distance you couldn't tell she was a day over seventeen.

Scarcely had she gone when the door from the warehouse burst open and the merchant's wife bustled in. Matt surveyed her husband carefully. He wasn't much to look at and the store would have been on the rocks long since without her guiding hand, but no designing hussy was going to make passes at him. The woman by the stove started forward eagerly but Matt only knew her once a year, when she went around to collect chickens for the church supper.

"I'm closing the store while I eat my dinner," explained Chet, not unkindly. "Be open again around 12.30."

The woman passed out into the street. Bent almost double against the rushing wind, by tacking slightly she made her way to her goal. All praise to the railway company that provides, among numerous other blessings, a toilet in each town. The door was open and one half of the structure was occupied by a dirty melting drift of snow that prevented one from closing the door. But who are we to question any haven, if it's free?

The waiting room of the station was hot and clean and the woman sank gratefully on one of the uncomfortable red benches. Soon, however, the station agent came to the wicket and glared at her, his face bilious under the green visor.

She had just got out into the wind a second time, when she felt a heavy impact and a voice exulted, "Geeze, got her right on the bumper."

What the Mardi Gras is to New Orleans or the Santa Anita race track to Hollywood, what an el-



ection is to a politician, the period of melting snow is to the boyhood of the village. They know not rink, nor hockey team, skates, skis, nor snowshoes, sleighrides, nor hikes. Every one on the street is a legitimate target for snowballs, hard as stone.

The woman fled on, reached the store. Locked. The postoffice was her only hope. Down two houses and across the street. She was just in time to shut the door on a vindictive volley of icy cannonballs. She found herself in a narrow dirty corridor, one side given to little glass doors with dials in their middles, a wicket, and a letter chute. At the far end a little window diffused a gray light through seven years of grime, and enabled the woman to examine the posters on the wall.

A Sale of Land for taxes told its own story. She idly studied the postal rates. Three cents on a two-ounce letter. My that was  $\frac{1}{2}$  a cent more than she was allowed for a meal.

Next to it was a poster, with a large photograph of prosperous and happy men standing shoulder high in an oatfield backed by a comfortable farmhouse, extensive barns, a silo, and an orchard. A smaller inset showed a weather-beaten shack on a dusty knoll. All this farmer had done was turn his farm into a Government holding, allowing vast sums to be spent; irrigation, trees, and intelligent labor had caused the desert to blossom like the rose. Anyone could do the same; the Government was offering free a few caragana seeds.

Her attention was drawn to an elegant announcement that she could, with very little trouble, deposit her savings in a famous bank. A happy family was exclaiming in delight and displaying a bankbook with four figures. Next to a notice of a political meeting of the past week, the Royal Family gazed down at her from a poster advertising cornstarch.

Another picture. Strange she hadn't noticed it before. A group of human beings in various shambling poses, spitting, coughing, reading over one another's shoulders—they were in a post office. The caption read "The Loiterers." That anyone would remain in such a place of their own free will was unthinkable; to be libelled for doing so was unbearable.

She opened the door and a snowball crashed at her feet. She slammed it shut and leaned with pounding heart against it.

At this moment Mrs. Smeeks poised a generous spoonful of cottage fluff in the air, pointed it at her spouse and said, "So Twig and his wife are both in town. Their relief slip didn't come this month. He asked three times for it, so the postmistress said. Roads like they are, the relief man won't bother coming today, so they'll come whining to you for credit. They still owe us \$15 from last year. We'll never get it out of them. Why

should we work and feed them for nothing? We don't get relief. We work hard and there isn't hardly enough turnover from the store for us to take that trip to Yellowstone this summer. If they would only work out their relief on the road. But no. Even with you carrying ashes all winter that street is a sight."

The view from the window showed the slough, called by courtesy a street, with a pile of ashes in the middle, a cindery monument to the voluntary and public-spirited road-worker, C. F. W. Smeeks.

"Besides, these foreigners always have a wad hid somewhere."

The Twigs were of Welsh descent, while Mrs. Smeeks' mixed blood would have given Hitler a nightmare. She had, however, been born in the States.

"At any rate, it isn't up to us to feed them."

Having arrived at this satisfactory conclusion Mrs. Smeeks fell to and fed herself, and made a very good job of it.

In the postoffice shrill but diminishing yelps assured the weary waiter that the wolf cubs had found a fresh trail. She scuttled back across the street and into the store. She took off the family overshoes and placed them under the stove, then held her wet feet one at a time up to the welcome warmth.

Tired, wet and hungry, with that dull insistent stab in the region of her kidneys, she felt curiously near to tears. She wondered what kept the relief inspector. She thought of the interview ahead of her, whines and cajolery to be met with bluster and threat. A religious woman, she decided to offer up a prayer to the particular God she worshipped. Today, her mind on the apologies and explanations demanded by the inspector, she prayed. "Thank God I don't seem to be going to have any more kids." She thought of the reconditioned granary that housed her small flock. She thought of the protruding tin smokestack, of the high wind, of her four children in a flaming inferno. She shuddered, and in an excess of remorse wanted to lie down on the dirty floor and grovel, "I didn't mean it, Lord. Please keep them safe. Please forgive me my wicked thoughts."

Her husband came in at last and by common consent they moved over to the counter. "Relief man don't seem to be showing up. Guess you'll hafta let us get some things on tick."

The storekeeper smiled his oily regrets and the pair found themselves standing on the step.

"I could have let them have a bag of flour," mused the merchant, "but they didn't even haggle." He felt a prick—surely it wasn't his well-trained conscience. But when another customer came in, he was whistling cheerfully.

Mr. Twig's bemused mind remembered the



week they had lived on wheat. It wasn't so bad the first day or so but it was too strong for a steady diet. "We might try the Chink's," he said.

While his wife had been dodging fearfully from one inhospitable shelter to another, he had been taking his ease in the restaurant. There men were able to congregate and settle the serious questions of the day. There was talk, laughter, games, and congenial company. The proprietor was a Chinaman. The restaurant changed hands frequently but the owner's name was always the Chink. Women went there but seldom and then on business only.

Mrs. Twig did not feel equal to the ordeal of re-entering the general store. She accompanied her husband.

The current Chink was a young man, polite, affable, obsequious, as became an inferior in this land. He had been given a good education in a Christian school and constantly, but silently, marvelled at a religion that preached need and practised greed. He was working and saving money to attend university.

Mrs. Twig glanced fearfully around at the somewhat dirty and gloomy room. She saw the suggestive brown blobs on the baseboard around the spittoon. She saw one young hoodlum nudge his companion and heard him remark, "See the swell skirt. Ain't she some cutie?", and heard the coarse snigger. But Mr. Twig was not of the mould to do battle for his wife's name, nor had his spouse the temperament that actively resented slurs.

They took Wong Lee aside. This woman was strangely like his own mother—the face wrinkled and dull, the figure prematurely stooped with too-heavy toil. Her hands rough and red, stretched forth, pleading bread for her little ones. The Chink gave them a half-bag of flour and all the fish he had left; the thaw had made them soft. He added a bag of bull's eyes, those edible marbles beloved of children.

In the wagon again, they turned the horses' heads towards home. The woman thought of the tale she would have to tell her neighbor. Her eyes gleamed.

# Unemployment Insurance In U.S.A.

LEONARD MARSH

**U**NEMPLOYMENT insurance has been in the Liberal Party's platform since 1919. Five years of depression (would it be unkind to add "and four years of office"?) brought it into actual statutory form sponsored by a Conservative government. The scheme was limited in coverage, it is true, but was at least on a straightforward national basis. The Liberals sent it to the Supreme Court. New legislation has since been considered, but now some of the provinces, theoretically at least, are the obstacle. And we are still waiting. In the meantime it is not uninteresting to note that in the United States some 21 million persons are now potentially covered by unemployment insurance legislation—probably about three-quarters of all wage earners outside of agriculture.

Industrial Relations Counselors, a research foundation which has always given special attention to employment exchanges and unemployment insurance, has just issued a huge volume of material on the present-day administration of these services in the United States (1). This book completes a series in which Dr. Stewart and his collaborators have surveyed employment bureaus

and unemployment compensation systems in seven countries. When the series was launched (in 1932) there were only a few employment bureaus in the United States, unco-ordinated and "too poorly and inadequately staffed to function effectively and win the respect of employers and employees." The possibility of unemployment insurance on a national scale, though a pioneer start had been made by Wisconsin, seemed almost hopelessly remote. Since then the Wagner-Peyser Act (1933) and the Social Security Act (1935) have been passed; the new U. S. Employment Service is a centrally-located system already linking over 1,550 exchanges; and all of the States, and even Alaska and Hawaii, have responded to the stimulus of the 'tax-offset' plan and passed unemployment compensation acts.

The size of this newest volume (670 pages) reflects the scope of the activities which the New Deal has induced in these fields. For it only covers part of the story: the majority of its text deals with (a) the administrative structures (excluding, for example, placement procedures, the principles of benefit payments, the handling of finances, etc.), (b) federal functions and controls, and (c) particularly, the details for five areas (Wisconsin, New York, California, New Hampshire and the District of Columbia) which were chosen for

(1) PLANNING AND ADMINISTRATION OF UNEMPLOYMENT COMPENSATION IN THE UNITED STATES: By Bryce M. Stewart, Herman Feldman, Don D. Lescohier, and others. Industrial Relations Counselors, New York, 1938. \$4.00.

special study. For the specialist, these particular cases demand careful consultation (although he will not be altogether happy with the intersecting themes of the voluminous material—a noble index of 44 pages notwithstanding). For the interested public, the most important part of the study is the summary and appraisal which is made in the last five chapters. Point after point, this examines the faults and merits of the unemployment compensation administrations now established in the United States, referring not only to the details of particular state measures but to those of other countries for comparison or substantiation. This is a good time to review the verdicts of this experience.

The dominating American problem contains one obvious, but evidently still needed, warning. It is the lack of uniformity and the obstacles to efficient control which result from leaving a large measure of autonomy to each state, as was done under the final form of the Social Security Act. (The blame is placed on the compromise made, or on the "framers of the Act." Should it not, along with similar 'constitutional difficulties', be more precisely placed where it belongs—on the shoulders of 'states rights' politicians?) Whether on the grounds of governmental efficiency or of equity to the workers covered, what is clearly preferable is a unified national system—a centralized administration, with the states or regions acting as essential auxiliaries but not as primaries, receiving grants-in-aid on the condition of meeting detailed standards of service, personnel, and uniform procedure. Dr. Stewart makes no bones about predicting a movement to this reconstruction, "either by the evolutionary process or by drastic revision in time of stress." Of course, neither the process nor the logic stops short at the state unemployment compensation plans. It is admitted at various points that all other forms of social insurance, and all relief administration, must also be brought into one articulated plan. The detailed reasons which in this study are enumerated for unemployment insurance could be multiplied for the other types of social provision. Most of all in Canada at the moment, our provincial-municipal tangle of relief regulations is a standing challenge to everyone who believes in fair and efficient government. But health services, mothers' allowances, child care, minimum wages, pensions, all raise similar issues. It is not only a question of 'Is Canada One or Nine'? It is almost a question of whether a Canadian is one kind of human being in one part of the country, and a different one if he or she lives somewhere else. In the United States, the need to be covered by an

unemployment insurance scheme has rapidly come to be interpreted as forty or so different things.

The new U. S. Employment Service offers some interesting comparisons with the Unemployment Compensation administrations, because it was established from the outset as a national rather than a federal organization. It has been steadily raising local standards and promoting the use of scientific procedures, to an extent which now places it far beyond our own lagging Service. Among its staff are some of the people who kept alive the principles of a scientifically organized labour market during the doldrums of 1920-30, when employment exchanges languished as soon as the first pressure of demobilizing soldiers was over. We owe the setting up of the Federal Employment Service in Canada to this same original purpose. It survived, to do something in normal placement work mostly for unskilled labour, but throughout the period and up to the present as a Cinderella among government services. It is still literally unknown to many employers. In the book referred to in this article, the U.S. Service unfortunately does not receive proportionate space in the concluding appraisal, but its work is outlined elsewhere (e.g., pp. 178-197). It has, significantly, a central Division of Standards and Research, which has undertaken, among other things, probably the most comprehensive analysis of occupations ever made, excellent standard specifications for Employment Bureau offices and the techniques of interviewing and placement, various training projects, and a complete skill-rating of all WPA workers—the latter no small task in itself, since it covers 3,500,000 persons. (Incidentally, it is probable that the far-reaching activities of the Division of Social Research of the WPA — a 'trouble-shooter' as well as an intelligence-service for the central relief headquarters, which we should have emulated long ago—are equally little known). The Social Security Board has had to rely mainly on persuasion, which has had very little influence on many important features of the state plans. Completely separated from the Employment Service, it has been possible to work out only piecemeal co-operative arrangements.

The more detailed elements in unemployment insurance legislation which are convincingly reported on in the Industrial Relations Counselors book can only be summarized here, but they are too important not to be mentioned. (1) It is clearer than ever that the coverage of unemployment insurance schemes should be as wide as possible. An unemployment benefit scheme is simply a method of pooling risks; and the bigger the pool the stronger the reserve for meeting

special regional or occupational burdens. In the United States, differences not only in local eligibility regulations but in local unemployment loads, are already serious enough to show the superiority of having risks pooled on a national basis. (2) The grounds advanced for excluding small firms—likely to become very popular in Canada if someone raises the issue—have little or no weight in a long-term plan. The administrative difficulties of varying definitions and fluctuations in the size of employment-rolls far outweigh the task of insuring everybody in certain occupational or income groups as employees, no matter for whom they work. (3) All-in pooling is not only infinitely more simple, but definitely fairer than the 'merit-rating' principle of assessing employers' contributions i.e., the segregation of individual accounts and the award of rebates to firms showing the least unemployment. This 'Wisconsin plan' still has a considerable following. But in practice, too many circumstances beyond the control of a particular firm may render its employment record good or bad. For example, a firm with a bad record of hiring and firing may be subject to lower benefit costs because its plant happens to be near other labour markets which absorb laid-off workers. The fact is that if we want industrial stabilization it must be sought through a series of measures of control, deliberately and separately designed to this end, not through a mechanism hopelessly tacked on to an unemployment compensation scheme.

American experience confirms the view (4) that contributions as percentages of pay-rolls, and benefits proportional to wages, have more to recommend them than flat rates. So long as there is a wide range in the wage-structure, flat rates are certain to be too low for many occupations. (5) Contributions collected from employers alone are more expeditious than assessments on both employers and employees. (6) Dependents' benefits are advised against. It is easy to see the workers' opposition to this proposal: but not if the principle is held—and enforced—that the proper course to permit decent benefit rates is to raise the lowest wages first. The corollary of unemployment compensation is a complete and adequate minimum wage 'floor'. Foregoing dependents' allowances, it is then possible for unemployment benefits to be placed at two-thirds the usual wage or more, instead of one-half or less which has been common so far. (7) The suggestion is made that state contributions should be provided for in advance, to build up a fund for 'extended' benefits (for workers who exhaust their statutory limit of

weeks' unemployment). Since the maximum benefit periods are not likely to be fixed at much more than 26 weeks, and 'emergencies' are certain to arise, a special contribution of this kind (even if at a relatively small rate) might well be the one charge asked of the provinces in a Canadian scheme. (8) The great values to be derived from a statutory financial committee, such as has now watched over the British scheme for six years, and from local advisory committees, are cogently argued. Everything depends on a proper public understanding of these bodies, however. The purpose of the financial committee is to give as much consistency to amendments as possible, and in recommending them to temper solvency with justice—a task not suited either to rigid-minded actuaries or to the full floor of Parliament. Local advisory committees will fail if they are staffed by officials and 'figure-head' representatives; they will succeed if they are composed of men and women, no matter what their rank, chosen for their interest in policy and their ability to contribute to broad development.

The final reflection which comes from a reading of this book is the crucial importance of recruiting an able administrative personnel. This is not simply a question of outlawing patronage, although nothing will waterlog the scheme more quickly and hopelessly if it is allowed. Civil service standards must be applied with some discretion, because flexibility is needed to take care of changes in bureau functions, and the movements of the labour market. The encouragement of a "development spirit" in the organization is vital. When all is said and done, however, the conflict of jurisdictions which arises from a series of state-administrations when central control is ill-defined or unenforceable, can be a handicap even greater than a badly-recruited staff. It is easy to forget, as this study reminds us, that "despite many discouragements, some alert and competent officials, federal and state, are exerting themselves to the utmost to make this complicated, disjointed, inflexible organization operate effectively." We should face the fact now that if 'provincial rights' are allowed to prevail in the fashioning of an unemployment insurance scheme in this country, the result may be an easy mark for the charge of 'another example of government inefficiency.' If we avoid this by taking note of the constructive criticism of well-wishers of social security legislation in the United States, it will give us one reason—though the only one—for considering at all fortunate the inertia and obstruction from which Canadian workers have suffered so far.



# BOOKS OF THE MONTH

## Cooperatives

**CO-OPERATION AT HOME AND ABROAD: A Description and Analysis: Vol. II, 1908-1938,** by C. R. Fay; London, P. S. King; pp. 540., 18/.

**CO-OPERATIVES IN AMERICA: Their Past, Present, and Future,** by Ellis Cowling; Coward-McCann; pp. 206; \$2.50.

**T**HAT co-operation is "a compromise with the world," "grounded on neighborhood," that it is "organized liberty," "not protest but action" is the broad and imaginative conception of the movement expounded by Professor Fay in his monumental sequel to his famous study of co-operation published in 1908. The present book contains two sections, alone worth the price of admission, profound and provocative surveys of the evolution of the co-operative idea, and of its significance as an economic form. Here his easy, informal style and original thinking are combined in a fascinating and rare analysis of what co-operation really is and where it has appeared, regardless of the rigid Rochdale determinants. Prof. Fay is not confined by definitions; he roots out the essentials and examines them in full appreciation of the circumstances which surround them. "The well-to-do" for instance, "have, in effect, a consumers' society in their club. The expeditionary force canteen of the war years was a superb example of the economies and services possible to a voluntary organization of consumers."

Prof. Fay has spent more than thirty years studying co-operation, and, since 1934, has been Chairman of the Horace Plunkett Foundation for the promotion of agricultural co-operation. His belief in co-operation among land-workers is based on his conviction that the individual family basis is part and parcel of the movement, and that while "size is no deterrent to true co-operation, . . . it must grow out of lively local units within which the membership can express its wants and take the first steps in co-operative performance."

The impulse to quote endlessly from these two chapters is very great, but they take up but one-ninth of the whole book. Part II deals with industrial co-operations mainly from the consumers' point of view, in Great Britain and industrial European countries. In this section a brief account of the outstanding success of the movement in Czecho-Slovakia, with its national federations of half a million members in the Czech organization and a quarter million in the German, and the co-operative control of electric power in the country, makes sour reading today.

The countries of the English-speaking world are examined in Part III for clarification of the problems of agricultural co-operation, and Part IV takes one particular country—Sweden—as an example of the harmonious organization of industrial consumers and agricultural producers. A supplementary surveys agricultural co-operation today in the different countries of Europe. Twenty-odd pages give an extremely graphic account of the status of co-operation in Canada at the moment, including a clear picture of the tangled history of the Wheat Pools.

This is no mere history or repetition of statistics painstakingly collected country by country. Prof. Fay is never limited to one country; he takes up one idea at a time and then shows its ramifications wherever they may be. His tolerance and imaginative treatment make this book not only a

classic by one of the world's acknowledged authorities on the subject, but a highly stimulating course in co-operative enlightenment.

We have come to expect from Mr. Cowling a clear, sound study enhanced by native optimism and a good journalistic style. "Co-Operatives in America" measures up, and his story leads from the dawn of the industrial revolution through numerous experimental communal organizations to the many modern applications of the technique in widely varying fields. For the future? Well, Mr. Cowling advances some forceful arguments for a complete co-operative control of capitalism which might conceivably provoke a raised eyebrow from Prof. Fay.

Statistics not available elsewhere at the moment are woven into the main fabric with skill, and Mr. Cowling's enthusiasm and seasoned experience cannot fail to kindle at the very least a good-sized flicker of responsiveness on the part of the reader.

—HELEN MARSH.

## What's the Matter With Old McGill?

**THE FRENCH CANADIANS TODAY:** Wilfrid Bovey; Dent & Sons; pp. 362; \$3.00.

**A**NDRE Siegfried's book on the two races in Canada, which was published in 1907, still makes all its successors look like cheap journalism. Its penetrating analysis is still up to date in almost every respect except in the matter of economic developments. To read Colonel Bovey's sugary stuff after reading Siegfried is like turning to Maclean's and reading Beverly Baxter's interpretations of Europe after depending upon the New York Times.

This is not to say that the present book is not interesting or frequently instructive. But one gets most instruction from it by observing Colonel Bovey's behaviour when he comes to a topic which he doesn't want to discuss too frankly. Notice, for example, how skilfully he skates round the Padlock Law, or how carefully he avoids considering any searching criticism of the clerically controlled education of Quebec (such as may be found in Siegfried) by quoting a few of the milder things which French Canadians themselves have said on the subject. He has Beverly Baxter's habit of petty inaccuracies, also, when referring to people or movements that he dislikes. Thus we read of the Rev. J. S. Woodsworth and of the Canadian Commonwealth party. The most remarkable feature of the book, however, is its failure to deal with the history of the French Canadians between the achievement of responsible government and the 1920's. In the first seven chapters of the book we hear all about the noble romantic struggle of the French against English domination. Then the author jumps straight to the present day. The long period in which French and English have faced one another as equals upon the floor of parliament, first under the Union of 1840 and then under the regime of Confederation, is hardly dealt with at all. This is a pity, because here is a field in which the English Canadian of Ontario could have checked Colonel Bovey as to his facts and interpretations. And it must be said that the French Canadian politicians as we have known them at Ottawa for the past two generations, with their zeal for jobs and patronage and their delightfully frank way of concentrating upon the task of getting all the material good things possible for themselves and their con-

stituents, do not bear any striking resemblance to the French Canadians whom Colonel Bovey describes.

On the other hand the book is surprisingly realistic in places where one least expects such qualities. Thus the author admits that the labor legislation of the Duplessis government is meant to favor company unions against the A.F. of L. and C.I.O. He seems to approve of certain remarks of Mr. Bourassa at the time of the last war, and he ends up his book with a pretty frank presentation of the French Canadian attitude on getting involved in another British war. But the book would be much more impressive if the author didn't so frequently check himself just when he is approaching dangerous ground, and retire gracefully while some French Canadian apologist is allowed to hold forth for several pages and give the last word on the subject.

—FRANK H. UNDERHILL.

### American Professor's Odyssey

AUTOBIOGRAPHY WITH LETTERS: William Lyon Phelps; Oxford University Press; \$3.75.

THE former student will read this autobiography affectionately, the Yale graduate with pride, the literary minded for its casual glimpses of writers American and European, the sociologist as a document in the cultural history of the United States. The author's name is probably known to more people than any other merely academic person's; and though culture may not be a matter of arithmetic, popularity is. He has made no great renunciations, he has launched no great attacks, he has stood for no great causes, he has written no great books. But for more than half a century he has been cheerfully enthusiastic about the best that has been thought and written. America likes its cheerful enthusiasts, and it has enjoyed being taught by Billy Phelps.

This is not a life and letters in the usual sense, for the life has been outwardly unexciting and the letters are to, not from, the author. Of the quarter of the volume devoted to events, the most interesting part deals with a boyhood and youth spent in Hartford (where lived Mark Twain, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and C. D. Warner) and with experiences as student and young lecturer at Harvard and Yale. Professor Phelps joined the Yale English staff in 1892 and retired in 1933. He writes with discreet humour of departmental difficulties and with just pride of the continued enthusiasm of generations of students. Perhaps the most exciting event in his later life occurred in March 1917 when he chanced tarring and feathering to arrange a pacifist address at Yale by Dr. D. S. Jordan. One hardly knows whether to admire more Professor Phelps' courage or the extraordinary good sense of the devoted students who made the address possible through disagreeing with his views. Subsequently he took part in drives for Liberty Bonds, and his account of the war-time perplexities of a sincere and sensitive mind will be read with sympathetic thoughtfulness by those of us who may be confronted by similar problems as history indulges in the habit which our author sometimes imitates.

If the life has been comparatively uneventful, the autobiography justifies itself in the terms of the quotation from Dr. Johnson with which it begins: as a literary life it is very entertaining. Professor Phelps numbers among his friends, acquaintances, and correspondents most of the authors one would like to know, from Mark Twain to Thornton Wilder. He tells of his meetings with them—of Henry James at a London tea-party discussing his style, of Gerhart Hauptmann testing his little boy's English on the Lampson Professor, of John Galsworthy embracing the Phelps' Irish setter. He

prints hundreds of letters, some mere friendly notes, many of considerable value—Vachel Lindsay on his poetry and painting, Hergesheimer defending "The Lay Anthony," Edna Ferber on her novels, perhaps most interesting of all Santayana interpreting "The Last Puritan." Many of his distinguished literary friends are old pupils; others he has met on his literary pilgrimages. What, one wonders, was passing in Thomas Hardy's mind when he exclaimed, "These Americans!"

The son of the Reverend S. D. Phelps, pastor of the First Baptist Church in New Haven, comes of a family descended from the early settlers of Connecticut. Emerson was 61 when he was born; Whitman might have greeted him at the beginning of a great career. He has seen changes that both looked for, and many that neither anticipated. The eighties seem to him "almost as remote as the middle ages." In 1895 he offered the first course at Yale, perhaps in the world, confined to contemporary literature, and his account of the changes in education during his life-time will interest more than the professorial. This is what is most important in his reminiscences. For he was not only in part responsible for new trends; in many respects (and in more ways than one) he represents them.

—ARTHUR BARKER.

### Vivid Writing

DAYS OF OUR YEARS: Pierre van Paassen; McLeod (Hillman-Curl, Inc.); pp. 520; \$3.75.

THIS is a slightly exasperating book. Pierre van Paassen has a flair for vivid writing. Moreover, though born a Dutchman, his linguistic gifts have enabled him to talk in their own language with Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, Russians and others, both eminent and humble, in the course of his journalistic wanderings across the earth in these post-war years. The war itself, then France, Germany, Geneva, Palestine, Abyssinia, Spain—wherever plotting, chicanery, violence and suffering drew to a focus, this foot-loose journalist was privileged to observe and investigate. A strong humanitarian feeling propels his sympathies in one direction on almost every question. His impressions, when they deal with manifest cruelty or injustice, are sharp and impassioned. And yet, there persists in the reader an uncomfortable feeling that the picture is not always whole. So much opportunity, so little sign of that capacity to probe and weigh which seems the sole excuse for journalism of any kind in this day of unrestrained moral indignation. Many stories bear the stigmata of exaggeration. This might not be so bad if the reader did not feel that these are made the chief basis for an attitude or a summing up.

The book has a special interest for Canadians, because for some three years or more Mr. van Paassen's articles appeared almost daily in Canadian newspapers, syndicated by the Toronto Star. The writer, who came to Canada from Holland as a young man, tells of studying at Victoria College. He also visited the Canadian west as a student missionary, and worked on a Toronto newspaper, before going overseas. He worked in Paris and elsewhere for the New York World. His connection with the Toronto Star terminated abruptly in 1936. He became a strenuous partisan of the Jews in their clash with the Arabs in Palestine, and was listed by a committee of Jewish journalists in the United States as amongst the ten Christians who had done most to promote understanding between Jew and Gentile. His articles appeared frequently in the Jewish Standard, a Toronto weekly paper.

The acclaim which this book has received in the United States reflects an unfortunate proclivity of even some literary critics to react uncritically to vivid writing of strong humanitarian tone regardless of whether it bears internal evidence of careful and judicial enquiry. Books like this may serve the same kind of purpose as "leadership leagues" in rousing public indignation at duplicity and betrayal. The danger is that the laudable spirit which sometimes inspires them may be mistaken for ability to assess and adjudicate the course of events.

—CARLTON McNAUGHT.

### Class Bias

BETWEEN TWO WARS: Vigilantes (K. Zilliacus); Collins; pp. 212; 20c.

THIS is another excellent Penguin Special by "Vigilantes," with an introduction by Sir Norman Angell. The author, a naturalized British subject of Finnish and American parentage, served in the Royal Flying Corps during the war and was afterwards sent as Intelligence Officer to Siberia. He was a British member of the Information Section of the secretariat of the League of Nations from 1920 up to his resignation in 1938.

He is prevented by the Official Secrets Act from giving much of the information he acquired during 1918-19 when he saw Intervention in Russia "from start to finish, and from the inside." He does, however, give us an extremely well documented account of the policy of the wartime Coalition government and its utterly unprincipled class bias—"it is clear that the Governments that had failed to keep the peace because they were the slaves of their plutocracies were equally unable for the same reason to end the world war—it required working-class revolutions to do that. . . . It is clear that not the sole, but the decisive motive of Allied policy most of the time was capitalist class war against the workers."

He then draws an exact and convincing parallel between the policy of Intervention in Russia and the "non-intervention" in Spain, and draws up a four point program "as the way out from the disaster of Chamberlainism" with practical plans for a World Peace Union. "First we would check, then stop, and then reverse the drift to war. Gradually, step by step, we would toil back up the long slope down which we have descended under the impulse of this politically, reactionary and morally corrupt 'National' Government. . . . Because England achieved greatness in the past, she has greatness thrust upon her to-day. She must be great in leadership or great in betrayal. We must go forward or we fall. England cannot save herself by her exertions unless she saves the world by her example."

A book for all peace lovers.

—GWENYTH MACINTOSH.

THE VATICAN AS A WORLD POWER: Joseph Bernhart, translated by George N. Shuster; Longmans Green and Co.; pp. 466; \$3.00.

THIS book has an inspiring theme, and is, in some respects, an inspiring book. It is a history of the Papacy, written by a German and a Roman Catholic, "a modern apologetic fully aware of what has been urged by critics of the Church and of the Papacy." The author is both a theologian and a historian; he interprets as well as narrates; to him, the whole history of the Papacy is governed by the mission and

character of St. Peter, from whom it was derived. No words ever spoken have, in his view, influenced human destiny more than those translated on the dome of St. Peter's by the fateful "Tu es Petrus et super hanc petram aedificabo ecclesiam mean, et tibi dabo claves regni coelorum." For nearly two thousand years the successors of St. Peter have carried on his divine mission, a unique sovereignty amongst men, with a view of its own existence transcending history and the natural order, dependent not on its own skill and wisdom, which has often failed, but on the consciousness of its divine purpose and its timeless ancestry, which has always, in the end, moulded its policy and set its stamp on successive Popes.

All this may or may not be accepted by the reader. But of the learning, skill and honesty of the writer there can be no doubt. He is, at times, less than generous to the enemies of the Papacy—Henry IV of Germany, Henry II of England, Martin Luther; over-kind to its friends, as to the German Emperor Sigismund. His history is sometimes too detailed and occasionally open to question. His language is at times difficult if not obscure. But his vision is wide, his insight on occasions profound. He is deeply conscious of the enduring challenge of the spirit to a materialistic world. He knows the timelessness of the deepest problems confronting society. And he brings the matter up to date. He is quite clear as to the direct and inescapable challenge of the Papacy today to the totalitarian theories of the state "derived from naturalistic thought or deduced from Hegel . . . fundamentally in conflict with the Catholic Church." This threatens to be perhaps the greatest crisis which has ever been faced by the Papacy in all the long and variegated history here set forth. But the inspiration and the mission of the Papacy, whatever we think of them, will surely dictate—are already dictating—a stern and uncompromising struggle against modern totalitarian paganism waged in the spirit of a Gregory VII or a Leo XIII.

—B. WILKINSON.

### Democratic Union

UNION NOW: Clarence K. Streit; Musson (Harpers); pp. 315; \$3.00.

THIS is the work of an American journalist whose wide experience as foreign correspondent of the New York Times qualifies him to speak with authority on world problems. It is a proposal for a Federal political Union of the leading world Democracies. The Union would include the British and French Empires, the United States, Holland, Belgium, and the Scandinavian countries. It would involve common citizenship, a unified postal service and communications system, free trade, and common population and armaments, that no dictatorship or alliance of dictatorships would dare to attack it. In return for their surrender of their national sovereignty, the member nations would gain a vast increase in internal trade and monetary stability. They would be freed from an excessive burden of taxation and government expenditure. Such a concentration of democratic forces would immensely strengthen the cause of world freedom. The people of the Dictatorships, realizing the superior benefits of a democratic Union, would eventually revolt, overthrow their rulers and join the Federation.

This scheme certainly has a very attractive ring for any true lover of democracy and internationalism. It would put a check to the retrograde tendency towards self sufficiency and isolationism which is threatening to rob the world of much of the economic progress of the last century. It arouses



the reader's sympathy and interest almost immediately. Unfortunately the value of the work as a practical proposal is barred by the superficiality of its approach and reasoning. The author's approach is far too purely political. He does not realize that in the contemporary world political solutions are not enough. Most of his so-called democracies are democratic in the political but not in the economic sense. He fails to see that exactly the same social forces are at work in Great Britain and in the United States as in the Fascist countries, and that democracy is menaced from within as well as from without. The real enemy of democracy is the unjust social and economic system in the capitalist countries. The only true way to preserve and strengthen democracy is to fight against social injustice at home, rather than to embark on any ambitious plans of political union with other states.

Some of Mr. Streit's political suggestions are admirable but his economic ones are disappointingly original. His only really constructive economic proposal is the resumption of world free trade. This is a laudable idea in itself, but it would by no means solve the internal, economic and social problems of the countries within the Union. The author's Nineteenth Century Liberal approach detracts from the value of an otherwise inspiring and stimulating work.

—W. G. GREENING.

### The Map Comes Alive

RETURN TO THE BALTIC: Hilaire Belloc; with thirty-seven illustrations by Edmond L. Warre; Macmillan; pp. 192; \$4.00.

LONG ago, Mr. Belloc gave us the greatest of all travel-books, indeed (so far as my reading goes) one of the ten best books in existence—"The Path To Rome." Here, though expressed in more casual, less muscular, manner owing to the passage of years, is the same pungent sense of the quintessential in Western civilization, the same spiritual alertness, nimbleness of mind, and vivid charm. A soldier, a yachtsman, a traveller, farmer, man of letters and Heaven knows what besides, Mr. Belloc makes all that he sees tingle with reality—politics, art, commerce, geography, above all religion. But enough of abstract nouns. Let me show you:

The French have put up as a sort of welcome to the man entering Paris by the river a most horrible thing calling itself "St. Genevieve." It is a grotesque parody of a human being; tall and thin and rectangular, a human being inhuman. We must console ourselves by hoping that our posterity will blow this thing up.

The Church of Our Lady at Cracow, from within, when you enter it from the market place, strikes you suddenly like a vision: something hardly of this world. It is of a supernatural beauty. That secret influence of which I speak was at work to make it so. It is as though one were transported within a casket of jewels all aflame with a silent but ubiquitous light of every colour, and as though that silence were a music from beyond the skies. I know of nothing to compare with it in Europe.

Just as in the gates of the Mediterranean there is an outward undercurrent flowing, not only the inflowing current, so in these gates of the Baltic there is a current naturally going south out of the main sea while the general surface current goes north. Sometimes the undercurrent comes near the surface, making a whirlpool in conflict with the top layer of water, and when the south-west wind has piled water up in the Sleeve north of the

narrows and sets the current southward against this, you get these whirlpools again. Narrows breed whirlpools: witness Charybdis off the Straits of Messina, though Charybdis is nothing to write home about. A boat pulls out of it easily to-day. Perhaps she was more formidable in her youth as was her sister Scylla.

I remember once in Linz on the Danube getting such a vocabulary from a priest, being myself as hopeless at German as at any other foreign tongue. I recommend the method to all those who have any Latin. As for those who have none, they may drown themselves.

At this moment his discussion of Poland will be read with almost painful attention; so will his remarks on the nature and relations of Danzig and Gdynia. But it may be that some who do not care to read quite so much about politics, "the Faith," or the sins of Big Business will yet treasure this book for Mr. Warre's illustrations, so full of character and atmosphere.

—GILBERT NORWOOD.

### Tea at the Vicarage

ROMANTICISM AND THE GOTHIC REVIVAL: Agnes Addison; Richard R. Smith, New York; pp. 187; \$2.50.

TWO thousand years ago there were distributed over the face of the civilised world those monuments which still stand to record the solemnity of the Roman Empire. That ubiquitous Empire of the 19th century A.D. also deposited monuments of its piety and influence along the trade routes from Birmingham to the Antipodes. They are the Gothic Revival Churches. Why the architectural reproductions of a period 500 years earlier should have been selected to symbolise that commercial empire will surely be one of the most fascinating puzzles that will perplex future historians. The Romans memorialised their military triumphs; the English put on their cut-aways, took their umbrellas out of the fumed-oak stand in the hall and went to church. And so into eternity.

For the grandchildren of the Revivalists the affair is now a subject of mockery and fun. With the same breath that bright young men satirise the earnestness of the Gothic Revival they laugh away that extraordinary Empire of which it was so essential a factor. Such thoughts have only faintly disturbed the comfortable studies of Miss Agnes Addison of Philadelphia, who has written what, by most judgments, must be considered a dull book. (It is true that in the excellent bibliography appended Miss Addison haughtily dismisses one of the most brilliant young English critics as one "who does not enjoy the subject and who makes incorrect statements." Naughty Mr. Betjeman!). But somehow, by its very dryness and discretion, by its aroma of dusty libraries and the

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perfume of afternoon tea at the vicarage, it fills one with nostalgia. There were days when the distinction between the 13th and a 14th century moulding was a matter of some importance.

The author has conscientiously carried out the advice of her tutor and after following the Revival into France and Germany and after pursuing the well-worn trail of Pugin, Ruskin and Gilbert Scott she returns home happily to find the most perfect example of the period to be in her own Philadelphia, the Svedenborgian Cathedral by Ralph Adams Cram. Miss Addison has sketched the outline of a book that must some day be written about this extraordinary historical phenomenon; it will require wit, a sense of historical values and an ability to pass judgement on the architectural works of a period that was obsessed by considerations often quite irrelevant to rational design. Miss Addison too often confuses Scholasticism with Romanticism and so fails to distinguish the truly creative and romantic spirit of Pugin, Sir Giles Scott and Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue from the eclecticism of Street, Gilbert Scott and Cram. But those who wish to escape from the architectural confusion of today may spend a happy Sunday afternoon browsing under the vaults of Victorian sentiment.

—HUMPHREY CARVER.

### Timidity Vanquished

THE MAN BELOW: H. T. Hopkinson; Longmans, Green and the Hogarth Press; pp. 303; \$2.00.

THE Man Below has a heartening quality which is welcome, and not only welcome but proper, in a book written in our times. This does not mean that Mr. Hopkinson deals overtly with social movements. His novel is simply the story of an individual. But in the telling he makes it plain that a man is not only shaped by his circumstances, but by his activity in his circumstances shapes himself to deal with them. Obvious perhaps, but just now we need to be reminded of this power and this responsibility.

Sinbad Woodward emerged from infancy with an unusually active mind and an abnormal timidity. At school and at Oxford he set himself to avoid direct encounters with the fear-inspiring elements. His ingenuity got him out of beatings and hazings, and his general obligingness neutralized possible enemies.

Timidity changed to rebellion when two defeats taught Sinbad that his unconscious reference of all his actions to what his parents, especially his inquisitorial mother, would think was constantly frustrating him. Revulsion from this knowledge led him into orgies of childish, quixotic exploits, culminating in the crazy sail across the Irish Sea described in two superb chapters.

This ordeal purged Sinbad of his physical fears, and enabled him to acknowledge, and know himself strong to conquer, the real fears, the fear of relying upon his own judgements and the fear of giving himself in genuine friendship, love and work.

In extended writing Mr. Hopkinson has a tendency to lapse into mere exposition, and the last chapter disappointingly degenerates into an essay on Sinbad's mental processes instead of an imaginative representation of them. Apart from this, Mr. Hopkinson's honest unpretentious craftsmanship working upon a wide range of accurate observations and shrewd insights gives his style power without strain, both in this first novel and the short stories which have appeared in New Writing and Penquin Parade.

—MARJORIE KING.

INN OF THAT JOURNEY: Emerson Price; Caxton; pp. 266; \$2.50.

THERE is no indication either on the jacket or in the introduction that Inn Of That Journey is a first novel; nevertheless a certain awkward simplicity, occasionally broken by italicized passages apostrophizing the hero, suggest that it is. If this is so Emerson Price deserves attention for a serious, honest and often tender portrayal of childhood in the American Middle West, and the uneven style and rather ponderously significant attitude towards his material may be dismissed as part of his inexperience. If, however, Price is a practised writer it is time he learnt, together with a number of his colleagues, that a little care for syntax and euphony will not interfere with the rugged realism of his approach.

Inn Of That Journey records the early adolescent years of a group of boys, the Scatterfield gang. They fight, play, suffer and enjoy themselves against the drab, poor background of a factory town. Only one boy, through whom most of the story is told, comes from a reasonably normal household; the others are neglected or mistreated or subnormal. The author with a directness almost worthy of Farrell does not hesitate to probe their immature passions or detail their earthy activities. And they emerge courageous, resilient, loyal to one another, but almost completely amoral, ignorant and unprepared for manhood. In effect, they are a sad promise of those millions of forgotten men with whom society has not yet proved itself competent to deal. They are this century's Tom Sawyers and Huckleberry Finns; but there is little sunlight left in their young lives. Those few moments when they are free and fed and the weather is clear evoke a lyricism that approaches pathos in its contrast with their starved, uncertain boyhood.

—ELEANOR GODFREY.

### War Machine

THE CROWNING OF A KING: Arnold Zweig; Macmillan (Viking Press); pp. 458; \$2.75.

ARNOLD Zweig in this book once more returns to the scene of his famous novel, "The Case of Sergeant Grischka," thus inviting a comparison which tends to make our disappointment all the greater. The huge War-machinery, on the former occasion set up to crush poor Grischka, is again wound up and creeps, with deafening noise, over the 400 pages of this new novel; but this time it is not shown in its impact with human souls. It only produces an endless series of fantastic intrigues and such long-forgotten military or political enterprises, as for instance, the crowning of a

## CANADA— ONE OR NINE ?

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Lithuanian king. A strongly-felt obligation to historical detail seems to have prevented the author from turning the whole show into a sort of Breughelian nightmare, while at the same time he endeavours to enliven history with fiction. It is here that he fails; what little interest we feel for some of his characters is chiefly aroused by the fact that years ago they had been involved in the "Case of Sergeant Grischka."

The most readable pages are those in which, in spite of and above the buzz of telephones, the shouting of Pan-German Junkers and the slamming of Headquarter-doors, a faint voice is now and then heard in praise of true culture and in defence of helpless and innocent victims, smarting under the military whip in Lithuania and Poland.

—H. B.

## Understanding

MODES OF THOUGHT: A. N. Whitehead; Macmillan; pp. 241; \$2.75.

THE theme of Modes of Thought is not new to either modern philosophy or Whitehead; it cannot be exhausted in one, or any, telling, only be made more persuasive by different approaches, and more concrete and useful by different applications. This is what Modes of Thought does and does brilliantly. One need not be either technical philosopher or learned scientist to enjoy and profit from it, though one must be prepared to work at it thoughtfully.

The general theme in the background is this. In the effort to understand, the human mind selects certain aspects of its experience—mathematical forms or physical masses, e.g.,—for concentrated attention. These are extended into systems and serve both to sharpen attention upon those aspects, and to guide enquiry. But since these are selections or abstractions, they neglect the non-selected aspects and when viewed as being the Real, falsify experience. Hence Understanding requires to reexamine them, to recognize their limitations—which is one phase of philosophy's function and to try to get a more unified and adequate view of reality—the other phase.

In the first section, under the general heading of Creative Impulse, Whitehead shows persuasively how the "matters-of-fact" of the various sciences presuppose Importance or Interest and must be understood in the light of this; how this Importance demands Expression and is limited by the forms of language and thought, and how Understanding operates in this situation. Importance, Expression, Understanding, are not definable, for there are no more ultimate conceptions by which they could be defined; they can only be suggested, as by the artist; the author is the artist.

Sections II and III emphasize the importance, and neglect, of Activity, Process, Creation, in scientific descriptions of reality. "Nothing is finally understood until its reference to Process has been made evident." His intimate knowledge of theoretical physics and mathematical science enables the author to illustrate generously and concretely how static and limited their thought-forms are and how this has trivialized their description of reality and raised false problems.

In this connection, his comments on the philosophies of outstanding western thinkers, are penetrating and illuminating in a high degree, though they are few. Section III, Nature and Life, is particularly valuable; it may be read, as it was written and published, independently of the rest of the book.

But philosophy has more than this negative function of "criticizing the abstractions of science." It should also extend the work of understanding, by suggesting more comprehensive forms of thought, premises more adequate to the

richness of experience. No systematic expression of these metaphysical ultimates is attempted here, but there are a few impressive passages which defenders of God, Freedom and the Soul will seize upon happily. If Whitehead be accused, as he will be and has been, of erring in this encouragement of illegitimate metaphysics, he would reply that the error would be greater still if he left them out entirely.

The five-page epilogue on the Function of Philosophy is a gem.

—W. J. McCURDY.

## Nazis at School

SCHOOL FOR BARBARIANS: Erika Mann; McLeod (Modern Age); pp. 159; 65c.

ERIKA Mann is the talented daughter of the world-famous German novelist, Thomas Mann. In 159 short pages she shows us, dispassionately but conclusively, how diabolically clever and thorough is the Fascist technique of education—education designed to make strong, arrogant, ruthless robots of the German young people for the military service of the Fuehrer and the state.

Surrounding the child from his earliest years with the most insistent propaganda, allowing no interference from parent, teacher or clergyman, the National Socialist Party instils into him Nazi ideals—pagan ideals of racial superiority, hatred and violence. Miss Mann tells us of the calm Jewish professor going steadily on with an operation while his young patient, deep under the anaesthetic, suddenly begins to scream, shouting phrases cut so deep into his soul that they remain even during the death under ether: "Kill the Jews—we have to get rid of them!" She tells also of an "Aryan" mother driven almost mad to think her little son

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might be taught such hatred—a mother who later was put in prison and her son committed to the State Children's Home to make a good National Socialist of the boy.

But Erika Mann does not leave us with such an appalling picture: "Human nature," she says "has moral and spiritual resources—even though at present (in Germany) driven underground. These forces still live. In the past they nourished all the greatness of Germany. They survive—they cannot be withheld from the soul of a people. They are the highest concepts of human life and they will triumph, they will emerge, in the end."

—EDNA BARNETT.

## BRIEFS

**ECONOMIC ASPECTS OF DEFENCE:** Harold MacMillan, M.P.; Macmillan; pp. 67.

**T**HE world trend today is undoubtedly towards a planned economy of some sort. The struggle really centres around the relative importance of people as nations and people as individual human beings.

Mr. MacMillan tries here again to find a "middle way." He does genuinely feel that humanity is more important than nationality, but that, in-the-present-state-of-world-affairs etc., etc., we must for the time being pretend that the reverse is true and plump for defence as the corner stone of our planned economy.

In an appendix, *The Price of Peace*, dealing with the Chamberlain foreign policy, before Munich and after, he very rightly draws attention to the foolish contrast between the rearmament and the foreign policies. Here again, however, he finds that armaments are the necessary background for an "enlightened" foreign policy. His argument would seem irrefutable unless we soon find some real enlightenment.

**UNCLE LAWRENCE:** Oliver Warner; Macmillans; pp. 155; \$1.65.

**T**HIS is a story of a young Englishman's stay with an impoverished uncle on Pelee, a lonely island in Lake Erie, and the southernmost point of Canada. The book is a graceful attempt to re-create the character of an honest "failure," a stranded Englishman whose inability to "get ahead" seems to lie partly in his fatalistic acceptance of himself as feckless, and partly in the barrenness of the soil of Pelee. As a character portrait "Uncle Lawrence" has charm, but its author was, and evidently still is, too much the unlicked Cambridge undergraduate to be able to transcend the naive snobberies of his family, his caste, and his own larger but equally provincial island.

## L. of N. Publications

(Internat. Aff. Lit. Serv., 184 Wellington St., Ottawa)

**PRELIMINARY INVESTIGATION INTO MEASURES OF A NATIONAL OR INTERNATIONAL CHARACTER FOR RAISING THE STANDARD OF LIVING**—Memorandum prepared for the Economic Committee, League of Nations, by N. F. Hall (91 pages, \$0.50). Efforts to raise the standard of living may prove to be the most effective approach to current economic problems of world-wide urgency. Mr. Hall, proceeding on this assumption, discusses the general character of adjustments necessary if technical progress is to result in further advances in human welfare; the relationship between low standards of living and low productivity; measures likely to improve production and consumption, and the part such measures may play in easing international frictions, thus paving the way for solving a number of outstanding economic difficulties.

**THE PLACING OF CHILDREN IN FAMILIES**—A standard study in two volumes. Volume I (154 pages, \$0.75) deals with fundamental concepts of child welfare, principles of child placing, characteristic features of differing systems, and questions to be considered in organizing services for the placing of children in families. Much of this volume was prepared by Canadians. Mr. R. E. Mills of the Toronto Children's Aid Society contributed the first two chapters, and Miss Charlotte Whitton of the Canadian Welfare Council, rapporteur of the League sub-committee for the study of child placing, contributed other sections and assumed considerable responsibility for the planning and production of the entire study. Volume II (241 pages, \$1.25) describes in some detail the various systems in use in forty-two countries at the present time.

**THE WORKER'S STANDARD OF LIVING** (International Labour Office, 101 pages, \$0.50). A study supplementing the Hall memorandum and contributing an important chapter to the history of international efforts to improve general living conditions. Determinants and methods of evaluating and describing standards of living among workers; some aspects of actual standards of living in Japan, the U.S.A., India and Poland.

**TECHNICAL PROGRESS AND UNEMPLOYMENT**, by Emil Lederer (International Labour Office, 267 pages, \$1.50). Various forms of technical progress; its association with increasing and diminishing returns; effects of technical progress on the labour and capital markets, elasticity of modern monetary systems; capital-saving technical improvements; the business cycle.

**TECHNICAL AND VOCATIONAL EDUCATION AND APPRENTICESHIP** (International Labour Office, 225 pages, \$1.25). The need for reorganizing technical and vocational education became painfully apparent during the world-wide depression. This preliminary statement indicates present practice and trends in education in various countries. It represents a first step in organized international study of problems of pre-apprenticeship, apprenticeship and the re-training of unemployed persons.

**PROSPERITY AND DEPRESSION — A THEORETICAL ANALYSIS OF CYCLICAL MOVEMENTS**, by Gottfried von Haberler (League of Nations, 1938 edition, 364 pages, \$2.00). The first step in an attempt by the League to avert depressions or—if they prove to be really inevitable—to render the structure of society more able to withstand the shock which depressions cause. A review and synthesis of existing theories, which is to be submitted to close comparison with statistical data coming in from all parts of the world.

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## NAMES

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**Political Handbook of the World 1939:** ed. Walter H. Mallory; Harpers for the Council of Foreign Relations, N.Y.; pp. 207; \$2.50.

An excellent work of ready reference. In compact form and very clearly set out, it contains the essential skeleton of political information about every country in the world: composition of government, the political parties and their leaders, their general platforms and representation in the various legislative bodies. Inevitably, much is left out, but what is there is vital. There is a list of the essential press in each country, also a description of the organisation and functions of the League of Nations, the World Court and the International Labor Office. The world changes fast, but this is up to date to January last, after the first but before the second invasion of Czechoslovakia.

Published for the Council on Foreign Relations, the book is invaluable both for libraries and the bookshelf of all those who attempt to follow the complications of international affairs.

**Foreign Capital In Poland:** Leopold Welisz; Nelson (Allen and Unwin); pp. 281; \$2.50.

A study of Poland's exports, of the influx of foreign capital since the war, and of general economic conditions in Poland, largely directed at the prospec-

tive investor—giving him also an account of the openings for further capital in Poland. The book is highly technical and of little interest to the general reader; for him it does not give enough background. It is written entirely from the strictly financial point of view.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

(Notice in this list does not preclude review in this or later issue.)

**Searchlight on Social Credit:** W. R. Hiskett and J. A. Franklin; P. S. King and Sons, London; pp. 171; 8/6.

**Political Handbook of the World:** Walter H. Mallory; Harpers (for Council on Foreign Relations); pp. 207; \$2.50.

**School for Barbarians:** Erika Mann (introduction Thomas Mann); McLeod (Modern Age); pp. 159; 65c.

**The Heart of Howe,** Selections from the Speeches and Letters of Joseph Howe; D. C. Harvey; Oxford Press; pp. 197; \$1.50.

**Canadian Marketing Problems:** ed. H. R. Kemp; University of Toronto Press; pp. 152; \$2.50.

**Union Now, A Proposal for a Federal Union of the Leading Democracies;** Clarence K. Streit; Musson (Harpers); pp. 315; \$3.00.

**Christianity and Economics:** Lord Stamp; Macmillan; pp. 194; \$1.65.

**Democracy Works:** Arthur Garfield Hays; Macmillan (Random House); pp. 334; \$3.35.

**Autobiography of William Lyon Phelps:** Oxford; pp. 986; \$3.75.

**The Man Below:** H. T. Hopkinson; Longmans (Hogarth); pp. 303; \$2.00.

**The Grapes of Wrath:** John Steinbeck; Macmillan; pp. 619; \$3.00.

**The Best Short Plays of the Social Theatre:** ed. William Kolenko; Macmillan (Random House); pp. 456; \$2.75.

**The Woman in the Hall:** G. B. Stern; Macmillan (Cassell); pp. 382; \$2.75.

**I Knock at the Door:** Sean O'Casey (autobiography); Macmillan; pp. 269; \$3.50.

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**Social and Economic History of Germany From William II to Hitler, 1888—1938:** W. F. Bruck; Wales Univ. Press; pp. 293; 12/6.

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